BERTRAND RUSSELL REVIEWS "THE DREAM WE LOST"

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By VINCENT STARRETT

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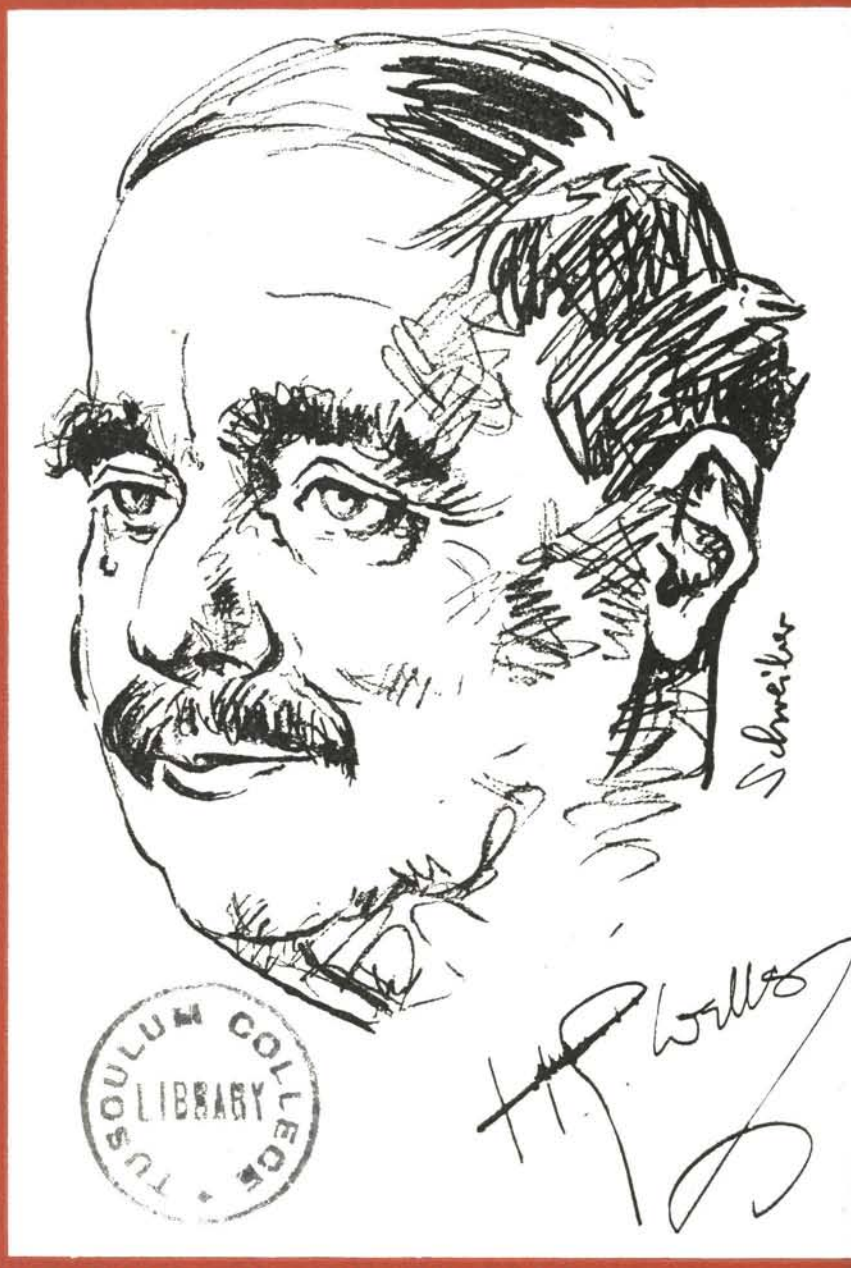

H. G. WELLS sees the world as a block of alabaster owned by an irresolute sculptor . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Partners in Print

VINCENT STARRETT

THERE is an old parlor game for poets, called—I really have no idea what it is called—in which somebody starts the ball rolling with a line of alleged verse, somebody else follows with a second line, and so on until everybody has contributed his line and the poem is completed. That, it may be supposed, is true collaboration; although the result, to be sure, is likely to be arrant nonsense. It is not the way the "Ode to a Nightingale" was achieved, or, for that matter, "The Battle of Blenheim." Still, some curious and interesting works of fiction have been accomplished by methods almost precisely similar. Collectors of the curiosities of literature are familiar with such oddities as "The Fate of Fenella" and "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other." Nearly a score of authors authored the former masterpiece—a forgotten melodrama of the early nineties—including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, although he had not yet attained his knighthood, and certainly it was not given him for his part in "The Fate of Fenella." Six writers had a hand in the latter work, as its title suggests, among them Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Neither volume is of the slightest importance as literature; but books collectors are a queer race of enthusiasts, and when there is nothing left for them to be enthusiastic about they will even collect books of odd shapes and sizes.

In France there have been similar patchworks, principally in dramatic literature. M. Jules Guizot, in his exhaustive "Histoire Anecdotique de la Collaboration au Théâtre" (Paris, 1867), mentions a play in one act that was the work of no less than twenty-four dramatists; it was performed in Paris in the year 1811. He records also the production, in 1834, of another one-act play in which thirty-six dramatists took a hand. Presumably both works were stunts; the latter, at any rate, was prepared for a benefit of the Dramatic Authors' Society, and possibly all members of the society contributed to the script. Probably all such quiltings are stunts of one sort or another; and in general the resulting works are hilarious parodies of some literary fashion of the hour.

More serious in their inceptions, whatever the outcome, are the collaborations of distinguished men of letters with other distinguished men of letters, which seasonally add several volumes to the enormous totality of books. In point of fact, over the years that have flown since the practice of collaboration was inaugurated —somewhere, sometime, in the misty past—a number of important writings have gone far to prove the old adage about two heads being better than one. In the golden age of Spain when Lope de Vega and Calderon were writing for the stage of their day, they had partners and pupils who, for all that they are today unknown to fame, were more properly collaborators than ghost writers. In England there were few indeed of the great company of Elizabethan dramatists who did not join hands with others in the creation of plays. Fletcher, as is well known, wrote with Massinger even while Beaumont was yet living. Chapman had for his associates, at one time and another, such men as Marston and Shirley and Ben Jonson; he finished Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." Dekker worked frankly in partnership with Ford and Webster and Massinger and Middleton; and Middleton joined forces with Dekker and Fletcher and Rowley and Jonson. The extent of Shakespeare's contribution to the works of other men is still debated; but it is certain enough that he lent his magic quill to the productions of several lesser dramatists. He died in 1616, and a thousand scholars since have devoted most of their waking moments to detecting his hand in dramas attributed, properly enough, to his associates. For example, "Henry VIII" is said to be the work of Shakespeare and Fletcher; opinion is divided as to whether Shakespeare helped Fletcher or whether the play was one of his own put into Fletcher's hands for completion.

TO the curious reader collaboration always is one of the mysteries of literary practice. Two names on a title page inevitably, and in some degree, divert attention from the merits of the work itself to the manner of its production. It is impossible not to wonder just who did what, to search for evidences of juncture indicating where one labor ended and another began. Did the authors write alternate chapters? Or did one man furnish the idea and the other do the writing? Obviously the question is not always important; its importance depends upon the book and its authors. But it is always interesting; and in the lay mind, by some odd quirk, additional stature is sometimes accorded a book because it took two men to write it.

Contemporary literature's outstanding team: James Norman Hall and . . .

. . . Charles Nordhoff, who occasionally takes time out for a book of his own.

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Anticipating this natural curiosity, the late John Kendrick Bangs once attempted to explain the situation to his admirers, in a prefatory note to a volume he had produced in collaboration with a second humorist. He suggested that the parts that readers happened to like best were probably written by himself; the others by his associate. Unfortunately, the answer is not always that simple. Only in the case of Gilbert and Sullivan, perhaps—whose operettas surely must be classified among enduring mitigations of existence—is it possible to be entirely certain who wrote what. Unless, indeed, the explanation is categorically set forth by the consulting accomplices. A footnote to Stevenson's charming essay, "A Plea for Gas Lamps," reveals that it was accomplished in collaboration with Walter Ferrier; but the note reveals also that Ferrier's contribution was largely confined to leaning back in a chair and laughing. During the last quarter of the nineteenth century several admirable novels were published under the joint authorship of Walter Besant and James Rice; but all that ever was written by Rice, according to Brander Matthews, was the first chapter or two of their first book "Ready Money Mortiboy." Possibly they talked things over after that, wrangled out the plots and people in conversation, and made everything ready for Besant to transfer the tales to paper.

IN the case of MM. Erckmann-Chatrain—a mysterious signature still known to frequenters of the second-hand bookshops; indeed to others, perhaps—it has been asserted that their tales were written out by M. Erckmann and revised by M. Chatrian. Emile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian were natives of Alsace and intensely patriotic Frenchmen. Their "national" novels, as they have been called, were written as a protest against the horrors of war. They began to work together in 1847 and continued until 1889, a year before Chatrian's death. For the most part the background of their stories is the period of the French Revolution and of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870; and of them all perhaps "Friend Fritz" is best, although others always have their admirers. Without any special literary claims, all the novels are distinguished by an engaging simplicity and genuine descriptive power, particularly in the many battle scenes and in connection with Alsatian peasant life. They are marked by a stout democratic spirit and an ardent patriotism, which developed after 1870 into a bitter hatred of the Germans.

Famed also as collaborators over very much this same period were the de Goncourt brothers, Edmond and Jules, who were among the earliest of the impressionist writers in France. These admirable kinsmen founded the Goncourt Academy and bequeathed a sum of money for the Goncourt Prize, which has been awarded annually since 1903. Their collaboration was almost unique in its psychological implications.

How closely the brothers worked together, and how identical their minds were, is revealed by Edmond de Goncourt in the famous "Journal des Goncourt" which occupied so much of his time in the closing years of his life:

> Our temperaments were absolutely different: my brother's nature was gay, spirited and expansive; mine was melancholy, dreamy and concentrated. . . . My brother, I confess, was a greater stylist, he had more power over words than I, whose only advantage over him was my greater capacity for visualizing the world about us. . . . When we began my brother was under the influence of Jules Janin and I under that of Théophile Gautier, and in "En 18" . . . these two ill-assorted models are recognizable, giving to our first book the character of a work from two distinct pens.

In the end it came about that Jules de Goncourt attended particularly to the writing and Edmond to the construction of the work. "He was seized," writes Edmond of his brother, "with a rather contemptuous disinclination to seek, to find and to invent, although he could always imagine a more striking detail than I when he took the trouble."

Possibly the two most famous collaborating brothers of literature were the German brothers Grimm, whose collection of fairy tales is literally a household word. Jacob Ludwig Karl Grimm and Wilhelm Karl Grimm were their full names, and they flourished in the first half of the nineteenth century. They were seriously learned and solemn scholars as well as popular tellers of tales, a circumstance not generally remembered; their fairy tales were merely recreations of their leisure time, legends and wonder-stories collected among the peasants of their native land. In their own opinion their great work—save the mark!—was a dictionary of the German language, encyclopaedic in its comprehensiveness, which as it happened was never finished. How one wishes they had given themselves more leisure! We could do very well today with a few more such indubitable masterpieces as "Snow White" and "The Musicians of Bremen." Of all literatures perhaps the German stands first in that department which is called, loosely, folklore; possibly the best expression of its genius is to be found in its *Märchen*, so-called; and, excepting only Andersen, the Dane, the

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A Wells without Remedy

BABES IN THE DARKLING WOOD. By H. G. Wells. New York: Alliance Book Corp. 1940. 410 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE "Mr. Britling" of the Second World War turns out to be not quite that. It is written by an older Mr. Wells for one thing, who has seen many fair promises fade. The surrounding atmosphere is not that of a conflict in which a Marne carried the presage of ultimate victory when the right method should have been found, but one that Norway, Sedan, and the Somme have filled with a dreadful sense of approaching disaster. What could be faced then with a sense that stars lay beyond the *aspera,* is now a subject to be avoided, if possible.

The Darkling Wood. It is not possible to avoid it. Mr. Wells, the people of his book, and we ourselves are in it, can see no way out, and even one of the best minds of England can give us nothing but 410 pages of theory on how we got there. The Darkling Wood —the war, barely mentioned in the text, nevertheless dominates the book.

Even in the explanation there is no certitude, only mutually contradictory explanations in different lights. Mr. Wells sees the world, in the figure of his book, as a block of alabaster owned by an irresolute sculptor, whose decision on what form to give it changes with the days. In the end nothing at all is carved from it, it simply slips from its pedestal, almost crushing the young lovers, one of whom comments: "If I occasionally relax my attack on that damned block, there is not the slightest doubt that it will keep on attacking me."

It is a good figure, but somewhat overworked; and the overwork raises the distinction between Mr. Wells the social (and moral) philosopher and Mr. Wells the novelist. The former is not far from his best; the latter is in the phase that led H. L. Mencken to call him "the late Mr. Wells" twenty years ago. He opens the book with an introductory declaration of independence from the novelist's ordinary restraints. He will break away from the rules of form as advocated by such clumsy critics as George Moore and practised by such arty hacks as Joseph Conrad. He will give us a novel of ideas in the form of dialogue; readers who don't care for the method are advised, by implication, to go catch up on P. G. Wodehouse.

The ideas are there all right, always expressed with force, and often in telling epigram, though frequently with twice too many words. In fact Mr. Wells cheerfully admits that he has chosen his characters because they like to talk in Wellsian terms.

> I have made one main figure a psychotherapeutist . . . who carries on a feud with the academic traditions. . . . Very much under his intellectual influence are my central "Babes," one a Newnham undergraduate and the other her lover . . . who writes in a "highbrow" weekly . . . and is in harsh conflict with his father, a London Police Magistrate, celebrated for his bitter utterances on the bench. The mother is a highly self-conscious writer of bright letters. . . . All these people talk, write and explain, by habit, profession and necessity.

So they do, ninety-five per cent of the book standing between sets of quotation marks. They are not, in fact, people at all, but figures of speech brought to life and given certain mechanical actions which juxtapose the proper groups for discussion of another phase of the problem.

One has the feeling that if Mr. Wells were at present occupying any position but the unfamiliar one of being uncertain about the future there would be no book. And combined with his method this lack of position is an imposition on the reader who must stand around waiting while the author argues with himself about how we got into the Darkling Wood.

Yet at this point the book does become "Mr. Britling" over again, twenty years older although the central figures are twenty years younger. The assignment of ages to the Babes is not deceptive; they talk like a couple of seventy, save for a few rare moments of faith in a better world.

But they are English; all the people are English. They beat the question about from many points of view but with English ideas always forming the background. None ever mentions the possibility that the alabaster block will be carved anywhere but in England.

> The thing we have to serve isn't a divinity or a church or a country or an empire or a class or a party. None of them is worth while now . . . One thing's as rotten as another, and there's nothing left we can join on to.

But:

> The rational life will have to be worked out, carved out, from the disorders of today.

How? Mr. Wells and his characters have no concept. Surely, there is no clearer indication of the decline of the West than the sight of H. G. Wells without a remedy for anything, looking toward the past rather than the future.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FAMOUS LAWYERS IN FICTION

Briefly described below are ten of fiction's famous lawyers. How many of them can you identify? Allow 5 points for each one you can call by name, and another 5 if you can also recall the writer who created him. A score is 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 7.

1. He wears a stovepipe hat, and is fond of stogies, fishing, and aiding the down-trodden by ingenious legal loopholes.

2. Elected district attorney of New York City on the Independent Reform ticket, the success of his four-year-term was largely due to the assistance of his dilettante detective friend.

3. He is a leading social as well as legal light in the Birmingham, Alabama, colored section.

4. These enterprising law partners persuaded the Widow Bardell to let them handle her breach-of-promise suit on speculation.

5. In defending his clients, this criminal lawyer comes so close to breaking the law himself that the police are generally after him instead of the criminal.

6. He lived in Dawson's Landing, Missouri, for twenty years before he got his first case, and put in his time collecting fingerprints.

7. This Virginia pioneer always won his cases by correctly interpreting circumstantial evidence, which he called "the silent witness."

8. Facing disgrace when it became known that he had once used illegal means to save a client from life imprisonment, this successful attorney was dissuaded from suicide by his secretary.

9. This learned doctor of laws gave his cousin a letter of recommendation and some tips that helped her win her first and only case.

10. He argued all night before the devil's own jury for the soul of Jabez Stone and the safety of New Hampshire, and won the case.

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The Tragedy of Reality

THE DREAM WE LOST. By Freda Utley. New York: John Day Co. 1940. 371 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BERTRAND RUSSELL

ONE of the chief misfortunes of our disastrous epoch has been the influence of Russia, both in attraction and repulsion. Mild conservatives have been turned into furious reactionaries, while radicals have been induced to forget all their previous aims by a determination to gloss over the sins of the Soviet Government. Something similar, though in a far less disastrous form, happened in the time of Napoleon, who, as the heir of the French Revolution, was loved without reason and hated beyond measure. But Stalin's tyranny is immeasurably worse than Napoleon's, and his betrayal of the revolutionary program has been less patent to the outside world—at least this was the case until the Russo-German pact and the war against Finland.

Various disillusioned books have been written about Russia, but no other known to me combines such intimate knowledge as Miss Utley possesses with such profound sincerity and such extensive economic understanding. By birth and education a socialist, she was led to communism by the shortcomings of the British Labor Party. Other causes:

> I came to communism via Greek history, the French revolutionary literature I had read in childhood, and the English nineteenth century poets of freedom . . . For me the communist ideal seemed the fulfilment of the age-long struggle of mankind for freedom and justice. I was, perhaps, mainly attracted to communism by its internationalism and its anti-imperialism.

Freda Utley

The book is divided into three parts, one giving Miss Utley's personal history in Russia, a second discussing the political and economic development of the U. S. S. R. during the recent years, and the third concerned with the possible outcome of the present war. This third section, since she is not well acquainted with Hitler's Germany, is less interesting than the other two, and I think very disputable in its contentions. I shall therefore confine myself to the parts of the book that tell about Russia.

Her personal history is tragic in the extreme. Having joined the British Communist Party, she married a Russian, a foreign-trade expert in the service of the Soviet Government, but not a communist. For a year they lived in Japan, where she acquired the material for "Japan's Feet of Clay"; then, from 1930 to 1936, with a few brief intervals, she lived in Moscow. The marriage was completely happy; they had, she says, only one quarrel, when her husband refused to share her growing misgivings. In spite of his complete loyalty, however, he was arrested by the O. G. P. U. in 1936. There was no known charge, no trial; he was silently removed, first to prison, then to a penal colony in the Arctic. She never saw him again, and after two postcards she did not hear from him. "It is possible," she says, "that he still lives. But it is impossible that we should ever meet again, since I can never return to the U. S. S. R. and he can never leave it." Knowing that it is the custom in Russia to punish the friends and relations of the indiscreet, Miss Utley could not for a long time bring herself to tell the truth publicly about Russia. Now, having given up hope for her husband, and feeling that it is her duty, she has forced herself to this difficult task.

Readers should dwell on the personal side of her story. The personal is too often forgotten in a vague way of thinking of history and politics in terms of great forces. Tragedies like this are the stuff that tyranny is made of, and to know one such tragedy is to know all of them in imagination. People who are inclined to think personal suffering a cheap price to pay for "the nationalization of the means of production" need to be reminded of what personal suffering means.

The gradual transformation of her enthusiasm into doubt, dislike, and finally horror, is told with the most moving simplicity, and with such an accumulation of facts that no honest reader can fail to be convinced.

There is a careful investigation of the course of real wages, and of the condition of the peasants, which is shown to be worse than in 1913. "The reality of Stalin's Russia," she sums up, "is so horrible that most people, even in this age of horror, refuse to believe that such things can be."

There are scathing denunciations—to my mind well deserved—of those Western writers who, from wilful ignorance or cowardice, have persisted in uncritical allegiance to Stalin. She speaks of "the colossal ignorance of the Webbs," and eloquently attacks the concealments and evasions of Western liberals who have abandoned as regards Russia all the ideals for which they contend in their own countries.

After describing Stalin's persecution of the experts, she observes:

> His suspicion and hatred for all intellectuals—which extends even to the intellectuals of the Communist party—seems to be almost pathological. Distrust and hatred of educated people and of science itself is one of Stalin's most marked characteristics and may date back to his failure to shine at school, and to the low estimate of his intellectual capacities held by Lenin and the brilliant crowd which surrounded him. Relegated by the Party in pre-revolutionary days to the performance of humdrum organizational tasks or to the planning of acts of brigandage, Stalin has all his life hated intellectuals from the depths of his savage Caucasian soul.

Miss Utley's detailed, documented, and intimate indictment of Stalin's government, with the consequent rejection of the philosophy of which that government is the inevitable outcome, is a very important and valuable piece of work. Like her earlier book, "Japan's Feet of Clay," it combines the keenest and most comprehensive intellectual understanding with deep and sincere emotion. And in spite of occasional statistics it holds the reader's attention as intensely as a great novel. Liberals, if they are no longer to be led astray, will, I sincerely hope, read and ponder this book with all the seriousness that it deserves. When at last the Soviet myth is finally dispelled, Miss Utley's account of daily life in Russia will become for historians an invaluable source book.

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History and Intentions

FRANCE UNDER THE REPUBLIC (1870-1939). By D. W. Brogan. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 744 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

It must be remembered that France was profoundly divided over her own history. Benedict Arnold is not a hero to any American; Guy Fawkes only a comic hero to Englishmen. But Frenchmen, on both sides, had heroes whom the other sides regarded as traitors; victories which were, for the other Frenchmen, defeats. La Rochelle was, for one section, the heroic city that defended Protestantism; for others La Rochelle was the traitorous city that had called in the English to resist Richelieu.

A FOREIGNER who can write such a paragraph must possess an uncanny knowledge of France. Indeed, while reading Professor Brogan's book, I could not help wondering where, and how, he learnt so much about French politics and French ways of thinking. I knew, of course, that he was a scholar, a professor of Political Science in the University of Cambridge; I also knew, because I had enjoyed his study of the United States ("Government of the People"), that he was a good writer, and perhaps an unconscious novelist. But who had taught him the secret fears and dislikes of the French peasant, of the French bourgeois?

No amount of scholarly research would have enabled him to write, rather impishly, that the name of Bishop Dupanloup "was now more likely to suggest an obscene song than the great cleric who reconciled Talleyrand to the Church"; that "little father Combes" was, in the eyes of the radical party, the ideal statesman, "because he had no dreams of social success, of a seat in the Academy, of a place at a director's meeting"; or that the Dreyfus case separated Lavisse from Rambaud and the Duke of Guermantes from the Prince of Guermantes. When I came to this passage: "In a French rural department, Communism often had an appearance; its leaders were leaders of a local faction rather than agents of a world conspiracy . . . " then I knew that our historian had studied his subject, not only in the libraries of Cambridge, but in the villages of France.

The story of the birth, life, and death of the Third Republic makes a dramatic and sad tale. It is the story of a reconciliation that never came off. No country, not even England, had known a more liberal-minded aristocracy than France in the second half of the eighteenth century. Then came the Revolution, and the Terror which dug, between the two halves of France, the bloody ditch of which Chateaubriand said that it would never be filled in.

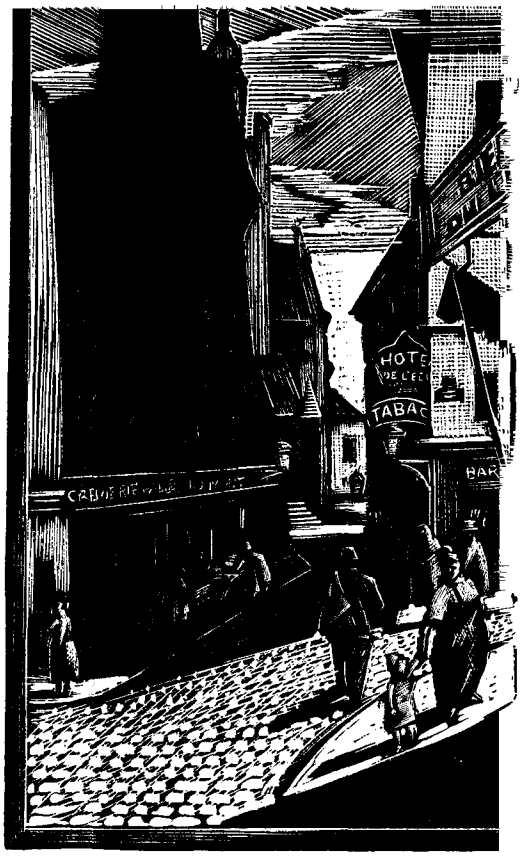
It never was filled in. After the Red Terror of 1793 came the White Terror of 1816. In 1830, the sons of the Revolution had a short revenge, soon to be crushed again. Louis-Philippe and Napoleon III favored the growth of a class of *notables,* but Professor Brogan shows how, after the defeat of 1871, universal suffrage threw back into opposition both the aristocracy and the *notables.* In spite of the official *"railliement"* ordered by Pope Leo XIII, in 1891, never did the French upper class heartily rally to the Republic. The régime found its supporters amongst the "new levels," discovered by Gambetta: schoolmasters, peasant owners, state officials, intellectuals, and, later, workmen.

Professor Brogan tells the story with laudable impartiality. He distributes blame right and left, with equal severity. Of Rigault, Procureur of the Commune, he writes: "Rigault was historically minded, for he seemed more concerned with punishing treachery to the people in the past than with preventing it in the present," but of Thiers, enemy of the Commune, "What could a King do that Mr. Thiers could not do as well, or better? Mr. Thiers was by that time convinced that there was nothing." Sometimes he hits both sides at one blow: "In French Left politics, or in French Extreme-Right politics, outrageousness was very often the test of truth."

His qualities of style, implemented with a dry Scotch humor, make the reading of this history as provocative as it is moving. "In France, the forces of order have never been orderly." The book is full of such epigrams. Indeed if Professor Brogan did not know his subject so well, one might now and then accuse him of being flippant. Some of his epigrams are charming, others shocked me. I do not think it funny to call the Affaire Dreyfus: *Gesta Dei per Francos,* nor to quote the mythical Hégésippe Simon on the first page of a chapter called, "The Shadow of War."

I looked for errors and slips with an eagerness easy to imagine in a Frenchman reading a book on France, but found practically nothing. Only, page 151, I think Lechapelier should read Lachelier; I never heard of any philosopher named Lechapelier.

Lord Balfour said, towards the end of his life:



From "A Wanderer in Woodcuts," by H. Glintenkamp.
In the Rue Descartes.

> I doubt if you would find it written in any book that the whole essence of British parliamentary government lies in the *intention to make the thing work.* We take that for granted. It is so deep in us that we have lost sight of it, but it is not so obvious for others . . . Nobody explained to them that, when it comes to the point, all our parliamentary parties are determined that the machinery shall not stop. — "The King's Government must go on," as the Duke of Wellington said.

What is the lesson to be drawn from Professor Brogan's excellent book? It is that Parliamentary government, in France, was a failure because many influential groups in the nation, right from the start, had not the intention "to make the thing work."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Mr. Ephriam Tutt, by Arthur Train.
2. John F. X. Markham, by S. S. Van Dine.
3. Lawyer Evans Chew, by Octavus Roy Cohen.
4. Dodson & Fogg, in *Pickwick Papers,* by Dickens.
5. Perry Mason, by Erle Stanley Gardner.
6. *Pudd'nhead Wilson,* by Mark Twain.
7. Colonel Braxton, by Melville Davisson Post.
8. George Simon, in *Counsellor-at-Law,* by Elmer Rice.
9. Dr. Bellario, in *The Merchant of Venice,* by Shakespeare.
10. Daniel Webster, in *The Devil and Daniel Webster,* by Stephen Vincent Benét.

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A JOB FOR PUBLISHERS

IN this space last week the conviction was expressed that writers who are genuinely interested in doing something about the preservation of free institutions should not feel that they have fulfilled their obligations to conscience and country with the writing of books alone. Surveys were cited showing that four-fifths of the population was outside direct reach of books, and it was suggested, in view of the probability that most of those who read books condemning dictatorship already agree with the viewpoints from which those books were written, that writers address themselves to the non-book-reading public through media which are known to reach the great majority of the people: newspapers, pamphlets, radio, the popular periodical press.

An author has written in to say that authors are only a part of the publishing world; what about publishers themselves? If there was a big job to be done in dramatizing for large numbers of people the tragedy of dictatorship, what part of the job should or could they—the publishers—attempt to fill?

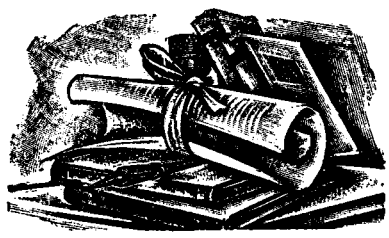
The question is a good one. Obviously, there is enough room for all in the struggle for the survival of freedom. This is one of the largest and most inclusive fights the world has ever seen; the ranks of those who are fighting for human rights can never become too crowded. The function of publishers might also be said to be obvious: to publish good books clarifying and emphasizing the importance of that fight—but here, as with the writing of books, the publishing of books is not enough. While most publishers can and should be rightfully proud of the many distinguished titles they have issued in the literature for liberty, their job may be said to begin there but it certainly should not end there.

We assume, to begin with, that the issue of freedom is of great concern to American publishers. Otherwise this discussion and the suggestions we are about to make are pointless. But if the history of publishing in Germany means anything at all, they should prize highly whatever independence they now enjoy. Assuming, therefore, that publishers *are* anxious to preserve that independence, not only for themselves but for all of us, they should also be anxious to provide the fullest measure of service of which they are capable. Such service would entail sacrifice. It would mean that in addition to publishing books for the same comparatively small group of book buyers, they give some thought and attention to the larger group with whom thus far they have had little or no contact.

This may sound as though we are leading up to a suggestion that prices of books be reduced in order that they be brought within buying range of more people. There is considerable evidence at hand, however, to indicate that not many more people will buy a book at $.98 than will buy the same book at $3.00. Lower prices are generally not sufficient in themselves for a larger sale; if the non-book-reading public is to be reached by publishers, it will have to be reached in other ways.

WE take the liberty to suggest what other such means might be as well as to offer a method of approach:—

Publishers, first of all, would have to act as a unit. They would go over their publishing lists, past and present, in search of their most important books on the meaning of liberty. Such books are plentiful and the search should be short. With these books as raw material, they would call in writers, advertising and publicity men, and artists in an effort to scale this material to popular consumption. The project would aim at rewriting or re-presenting the material in a series of small, attractively printed and illustrated booklets or pamphlets of not more than a dozen or two dozen pages each. The series would seek to highlight and dramatize the differences between life under dictatorship and under democracy. Making frequent use of pictorial charts, which are worth more than their weight in text, the pamphlets would attempt to personalize for each individual the concrete, vital meaning of liberty, not in abstract terms or allusions, but in their own everyday terms and using their own everyday standards. Such phrases as "dignity of man," "concept of fundamental freedoms," "inalienable rights," which are sweet music to the ears of intellectuals, should be translated and expressed in terms of a man's job, his family, his living conditions, how he eats and plays and talks and worships and votes. Prosaic and uninspirational as this may sound to intellectuals, it is nevertheless the language the people speak.



And if it should be feared that a comparison of jobs and living conditions between dictatorship and democracy might turn out to the advantage of the former, it can reassuringly be stated that authoritative studies demonstrate that whatever superiority the totalitarian state does hold in unemployment percentages is more than offset by democracy's higher living standards, by better wages and better hours, by the absence of forced labor, by the right of collective bargaining, and even by the right to quit. Unemployment under democracy will be a tough argument to hurdle, but if it can be hurdled at all, it can probably be done more effectively in terms of living conditions and wages and hours for the employed than in terms of freedom of speech and press, etc., which by no means should be overlooked, but which should be dramatized in proper proportion to all the needs of man.

Who will pay for the production of these "Life Is Better under Democracy" pamphlets, if we may be permitted to suggest a title for the series? How will they be distributed?

We have reason to believe that the project might be underwritten by a foundation if the publishers would agree to co-operate on a non-profit basis. Distribution would represent probably the least difficult phase of the entire undertaking. In co-operating with boards of education all over the country, the series can be distributed to school children, who, in addition to using it in conjunction with class work or dramatization, would be asked to give it to their parents. The series, of course, will be distributed without charge. In addition to schools, there are the public libraries, labor organizations, women's clubs, discussion groups, etc.

If it should be questioned whether the situation is so dark as to warrant a project of this scope, we should like to record our conviction or feeling that not only is it later than we think, but that this is a period which, if nothing more is done than is now being done to make democracy dynamic, will be looked back upon with the feeling that it was borrowed time. N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Women We Didn't See

SIR:—Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard in his review of "Pilgrim's Way" (*SRL*, Aug. 31) makes a statement that is to me very puzzling. He says:

"Buchan was obviously a man's man. No woman appears in these pages save the wife to whom his devotion was complete."

To his wife he has devoted two short paragraphs, on page 135, two lines later on, and twice again mention, that is each time confined to barely more than a word.

But we do find other women mentioned, not many, to be sure, but so vividly that it is amazing a reviewer could forget them.

On page 11, seven lively lines give us a sharply etched portrait of the author's grandmother.

Beginning with page 252 we have an entire section of five pages devoted to his mother in one of the finest, most sensitive tributes a son could express.

On page 242 he tells us of the old shepherd's wife who tramped ten miles to greet King George V. On page 167 he tells of another shepherd's wife with four sons in the Great War.

In every case he speaks with warm sympathy and understanding. Is it strange that I am puzzled?

SRL readers may be amused at a little incident reported to me in a letter from a friend visiting in Victoria, B. C. in March, 1939. She wrote:

"Yesterday we went to a rock garden exhibit in the Crystal Gardens . . . We had a glimpse of Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir, who are here from Ottawa visiting at Government House . . . I was amused to overhear one woman say of them, '*She* is a real lady, the cousin of the Duke of Devonshire, but *he* is only a choir man'."

GERTRUDE W. PAGE.

Los Angeles, California.

"Writers and Conferences"

SIR:—I have just returned from the conference at Boulder, and found it, from every point of view a "worth while" experience. Many of Mr. Carmer's points are well taken ["Writers and Conferences, Sept. 7], but the conference director is fully aware of the difficulty in choosing faculty who can teach. He must have some "names" that are drawing cards, but if these "names" can't teach, I suspect they are not invited again. In a large conference that is run in a business-like way, the particular class can get what it wants as to lecture vs. laboratory method, and at Boulder the individual interview for criticism is scheduled through the office; the student who is not satisfied can ask for re-reading and another interview with another faculty member. I would guess that

"After she lands in jail they kidnap the baby and kill her husband—and *then*—disaster strikes."

at least half of my students had honestly benefitted in technical points, and went home with us, either partly or wholly reworked and improved. As to *genius* doing better alone, one takes that for granted. A conference is a brief seminar, an exciting concentrated bit of collegiate work, new to many of its members, reminiscent to others. Possibly one of its values is the chance for the vaguely ambitious semi-littérateur to value himself more honestly; and another, the probable weeding out of a lot of pointless literary ambition. The whole "sales" angle is of course unfortunate, and I am sure that literary agents and publishers' representatives should be kept away. But considering the quality of mind of my fellow faculty this year at Boulder, I feel Mr. Carmer's indictment is too severe. How many young authors have been embittered and discouraged for years by a brief talk at a single publisher's desk, or by a series of form letters of rejection? That is why the literary agent has flourished. Whereas, if he has the luck to choose a good conference, in a year when both faculty and students are interesting, he has a fair chance to get some very simple practical questions answered easily, to get criticism from more than one angle, to have a sort of stimulus to experiment which sitting alone would not give. He runs the same chance of disillusion, of faulty analysis of his problems, of overpraise, that he would run at college, or in any city. Of course the true genius who *should* sit alone for this three weeks doubtless always would have the instinct to do so, and Mr. Carmer need not worry that either his or my point of view will affect him.

LOUISE SEAMAN BECHTEL.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Stoics and Spartans

SIR:—William Rose Benét ended his article on poetry (*SRL*, Aug 10) with these lines:

> The kings with half the earth at heel have marched from lands of morning.
> Their stallions drink the rivers up, their spears benight the air,
> And he who falls will die for naught, and home there's no returning—
> The Spartans on the sea-wet rock sat down and combed their hair.

Perhaps he thought that any reader of *SRL* would recognize the lines and the great stoic poet who wrote them; but I didn't, and haven't yet traced them. Nor, until the lines had been running in my head for some time did I remember that the rocks on which the Spartans began their return to the amenities were not on the coast of Sparta. Leagues of Attic soil lay between Sparta and the Persians; and if the Spartans hadn't waked up in time to the realization that it was their fight as well as the Athenians', should we have heard of Marathon, or be interested in the fate of freedom today?

MARY L. WHEELER.

Boston, Mass.

"Prose without Patches"

SIR:—Surely it is a misfortune that the engaging sample of E. F. Benson titled "Prose without Patches" [*SRL*, Aug. 3] should start off with a quotation which egregiously does need patching. Mr. Benson illustrates the "unelaborated lucid beauty" of the Authorized Version by elaborating considerably the two sentences he quotes, replacing no fewer than five words of the classic original with far less "lucid" substitutes. As a certain old lady declared, deprecating modern Bible translations: "If the King James Version was good enough for St. Paul, it's good enough for me!"

JOHN OLIVER NELSON.

Pittsburgh, Penna.

Information, Please

SIR:—I am gathering material for a biography of Captain John Newland Maffit of the Confederate Navy, celebrated as Commander of the cruiser *Florida* and of several blockade runners.

If any of your readers have anecdotes or reminiscences of his life I will appreciate it very much if they will get in touch with me. All manuscript material, letters, or documents which anyone is kind enough to lend me, will be carefully handled, photographed, or copied and immediately returned.

JOHN PHILIPS CRANWELL.

1622 Park Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland.

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Blood vs. Thunder

BEYOND TEARS. By Irmgard Litten with an introduction by Pierre van Paassen. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1940. 325 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANZ HOELLERING

AS I read this deeply moving story of a mother's fight to free her son from the clutches of the Gestapo, I was reminded of the answer an editor gave to the exile who offered him an excellent article about his experiences in German concentration camps. "We know all about concentration camps, nobody wants to read about them any more." Publishers seem to have a similar attitude. Otherwise the almost too objective account by the well known Austrian writer Raoul Auernheimer of his and his fellow prisoners' life in Dachau or the scientific minute-by-minute record of slavery in Oranienburg by Peter Fourteen (pseudonym of a refugee whose family still lives in Germany) would not be unprinted manuscripts.

In "Beyond Tears," to be sure, Hitler's terror is approached in a new and most effective way. Except in the accounts of a few brief visits of tragic impact, the concentration camp is presented from the outside, from the point of view of a relative who tries in vain to free or to help a prisoner and whose only news from inside is contained in the sporadic and laconic code messages which the prisoner is able to get past the camp censor. These messages may be conveyed by the simple device of leaving out a word customarily used; in this case the omission of the victim's second name signified, "I am being maltreated"—and the missing word in such a correspondence takes on a ghastly eloquence.

Hans Litten, son of the rector of the University of Koenigsberg, the university of Kant, was a young "Aryan" lawyer in Berlin. Though he worked day and night he barely made a living, for his clientele consisted mainly of the poor and the defenders of the poor who fought the Nazis and their protectors. In those days it took great courage to stand up before the reactionary courts which long before the advent of the Third Reich dispensed two kinds of justice—one for "misguided patriots," another for everybody else. In one case Litten had the audacity to call Herr Hitler himself to the witness stand (at a time when the aspiring dictator was already being treated by the authorities with awe), in order to corner him in cross-examination and above all to bring him and his merceneries within control of the law. From this time on the stormtroopers were constantly after Litten and when the Hindenburg-Papen-Thyssen clique (French edition: Petain-Laval-Michelin) gave Hitler power over the German nation he was doomed. Yet he refused to go abroad and continued to take care of his clients. On the night of the Reichstag fire he was arrested. No charge was ever brought against him but he spent the rest of his life—five years of torture ending in a violent death—in concentration camps. Yet he never yielded, never compromised with the mentality of his tormentors. This is the fact which must lift the spirit of anyone who reads the book his mother has written about him.

Irmgard Litten

The greater part of the book consists in a revealing description of Frau Litten's day-by-day struggle with the Gestapo and of many and various attempts to get her son released as many other prisoners, among them not a few Communists, had been in the course of the years. Especially interesting is her account of the intervention of the English admirer and guest of Hitler, Lord Allen, in behalf of Litten and the arrogant rebuke he received in a long lying letter from Joachim V. Ribbentrop. The simple truth is that Litten belonged to Germany's intellectual elite which Hitler hates with all the venom of his own vulgarity; and needless to say, "the greatest German who ever lived" could never forgive his helpless prisoner that examination in court. Irmgard Litten relates the facts with an almost frightening objectivity. There is not a sentimental word; every line truly comes out of the tranquillity beyond tears. Her dialogues with the Gestapo officials give in addition a rare insight in the souls of Hitler's tools.

"Salud, Camarada"

THE GREAT CRUSADE. By Gustav Regler. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1940. 448 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES BENÉT

AT certain times in Spain one or another man would say, "All the best guys are dead."

This remark was a bad one, damaging to morale, as the survivors of those who made it are willing to admit now. But it expressed the very deep sorrow of men who saw their friends and comrades die. Although they died bravely in a people's war, fully willing to face the risk of death for their principles, still they are dead and gone and will never be replaced in the hearts of those who entered that struggle with them. At certain times, perhaps when there was some demoralization after a horrible battle, a man would conquer his own wretchedness and fear by scorn of the other survivors and the replacements, and bitterly express all the individual horrors of the war: "All the best guys are dead."

It is not literally true, as is shown by the publication of this novel by Gustav Regler. For Regler himself was one of the best, the commissar of the second international brigade to be formed, the Twelfth Brigade, from the defense of Madrid in the autumn of 1936 until after Guadalajara. And there were never any better men than some of the Americans who returned and are in the United States now. But the emotion of the remark is true. It is not like the storybooks. When your friend dies it is all very well that it was a "hero's death," but then your friend is gone and you will never hear him curse or complain or laugh again. And the war continues and more are killed. Even those who survived the worst times before without a scratch are killed. It is not until a long time afterward that you can say that they died as heroes for something they believed in, something real and good. At the time it is just that they are dead. A long time afterward, when you come to think of it, they were heroes, all right.

Regler has this in his novel. It is not a history, but a story, although it contains as much history as a novel can hold, and it is all true in the same way that the remark I have been discussing is true. The most important events of world history in the nine months from October, 1936, to June, 1937,—the period the book covers—were made by the men Regler writes about and others in the other brigades and other battles. Regler was one of them, and with the honesty and

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insight of a fine writer he has recreated them living and fighting, so that now the whole world may know about the battles and the men who endured them, and how they lived and how many of them died.

A secondary theme of the book is the struggle of Albert, the commissar—who is Regler himself—to fight treachery while at the same time preventing false suspicion and false accusations. He is deeply troubled, both by the clear fact of treachery and by the terrible necessity of hunting and executing traitors. One might say that it is a conflict between his ideals of human brotherhood and his military responsibility. Near the end of the book he states his conclusion to the Doctor, Werner, who opposes the methods of counter-espionage, arguing that suspicion and constant surveillance may even drive a man to treachery. Albert says:

> When I look at our Spaniards I feel strong: today they're singing as if there could be nothing but victory, and as if no death and anguish threatened them tomorrow. They deserve to have us keep watch and be hard with all their enemies.

Thus Regler also tells of the conclusions that were established by the internationals and that are now the principles of the survivors. This was one and there were others of equal difficulty. It is hard to tell whether they are rules of personal conduct or political theses, because to the internationals these were, of course, the same thing. Whichever they may be called, they are not the results of abstract reasoning, but the reactions of men to experience. Regler writes of the experience, and of the conclusions drawn from it by various men, not himself alone.

More history remains to be written; Regler's book does not pretend to be complete even for the part of the war it covers (although no history book will tell better how the battles were fought or tell you, as this one does, the taste of battle in your mouth). More profound political discussions have been and will be made—and they will be dull and difficult reading for the general citizen, which this book never is. Novels of greater art and form may be produced, for Regler's form is only the form of history and the lives of some men in it. But Regler's book is a great book about a great time. It was the time that produced the salutation that we all remember, with which at the end of the book a Spanish girl says farewell at the bier of the great general. *"Salud, camarada."*

James Benét drove an ambulance and truck for the Loyalist forces during the Spanish Civil War.

An Amazon of Letters

ROMANTIC REBEL: The Life and Times of George Sand. By Felizia Seyd. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 286 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

THE strong outline which emerges from Felizia Seyd's book is that of a vital literary career. We are more accustomed to think of George Sand as a picturesque social rebel, the angle to which Mrs. Seyd's title gives credit, than as a genius of letters. Yet the latter impression is the one which Mrs. Seyd's pages incidentally convey. A dozen years ago Marie Jenney Howe wrote a biography of George Sand in which she was presented as a disappointed seeker after love. This view emphasized also the unconventional life. But the total George Sand was one of the great romantic writers of Europe, like Goethe, though less profound, and like Rousseau, though less oracular. She lived her life not for its own sake but for the literature she made of it. Only the biographers see her personal life as preeminently important. It was not so important to her.

Felizia Seyd's George Sand is a cool and reasonable characterization in which all sensational elements, though unavoidably abundant, are played down. The book bears evidence of industrious and imaginative research. The intellectual atmosphere of France, as it changed from decade to decade of George Sand's life, is introduced with detail and assurance. The author, an exile for the same political ideals for which George Sand was pilloried, naturally brings sympathy and devotion to their interpretation. This makes her book appealing in spite of its analytical coolness. A competent English style without a trace of her Rhineland origin is another agreeable feature.

George Sand lived to be a legend before she died. The metamorphosis of Aurore Dupin Dudevant into the historic figure known as George Sand took place early. In childhood, she was a poor little rich girl. A puritanical grandmother, who turned her over to the chambermaid for punishment, did what she could to make her life unhappy. The child found comfort in the folklore of the peasants and her own day-dreams. She was only seventeen when her grandmother died and she was left practically alone in the world, a marriageable heiress. She might have done much worse than marry, as she did, Casimir Dudevant,

From the jacket of "Romantic Rebel."

"George Sand lived her life not for its own sake but for the literature she made of it."

a retired army officer turned country squire. Such *mariages de convenance* end happily as a rule, we are told, in France. But George had fiery ancestors behind her respectable grandmother, and she was not born to be the helpmate of a country squire. The divorce that ensued made a tremendous noise, in 1836, and the woman who braved it was henceforth *déclassé.* Taking her two children, she went to Paris and embarked on a literary career. Her much-bruited love affairs, her towering romances with Sandeau, Musset, and Chopin did not interrupt her life with Maurice and Solange. They represented her stable quality,—her instinct for homemaking as Mrs. Seyd defines it.

Mrs. Seyd neglects to tell us how George Sand's *lust zu fabulieren* first originated. All she says of this is that Rousseau stirred the adolescent girl's dreams and that when George left her husband it was with the already well-formed intention of trying her hand at writing. But the spark must have been kindled long before Rousseau and Sandeau to have burned with such an enduring flame. Plunging into novel writing, she became almost instantly famous. Her productivity was gargantuan. In one period of five years she wrote thirteen novels.

Besides her uncounted novels, she wrote quantities of propaganda material. She was Minister of Propaganda in the short-lived republic of 1848, producing with her own pen one knows not how many political pamphlets. Her activities brought her face to face with exile and imprisonment, which she only just escaped, perhaps because she was after all Madame Sand, a descendant of royalty, and the chatelaine of a considerable property.

"Romantic Rebel" is a valuable book because of its historical elements. It commemorates the great ideals of pre-Hitler France in the person of one of the finest representatives of French democracy. It is in substance the clear portrait of a woman of genius against an equally clear background of an appropriately great era.

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But Can It Survive?

. . . SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH. By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Vanguard Press. 1940. 160 *pp.* $1.50.

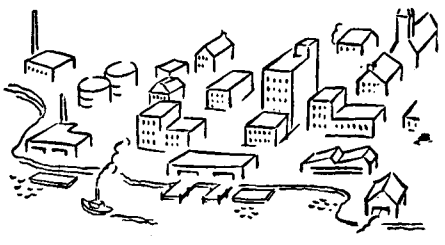
Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

IN a few lucid pages, Professor Perry puts the case first for democracy and second for its defense. He shows by a rapid survey of American social philosophy that every school of thought that has flourished on this soil has made individualism an important part of its creed, and he concludes that democracy is chiefly justified as being the nearest working approximation to making the individual an end in himself. But there is nothing absolutist about the distinguished Harvard Professor and biographer of William James. He does not forget that Liberty and Individualism can be idols as well as ideals, in which former aspect the guiding light within is completely shut out. Economic individualism, he knows, is as self-contradictory as most abstractions, and he sees that the social adjustment of conflicting desires is the principal task of a regime whose true end is tolerable and tolerated diversity within unity.

In marking off the philosophy of democracy from that of its foes, the author puts science and reason on the democratic side and anti-intellectualism on the other. This would be acceptable if anti-intellectualism were narrowly defined; but Professor Perry makes it include the Romantic movement and the philosophies of the will, including Freud, Bergson, and a part of William James. This seems to me a grievous mistake. I hasten to add that Professor Perry corrects it by implication wherever he mentions the democratic utility of free-will, emotion, and the unity of thought and act, for after all he writes "in the spirit of William James." But his earlier statement remains, that emotion is something antithetical to reason, that romanticism was a forerunner of fascism, and that a belief in cold science is the touchstone of democratic rationalism. Yet what need is there to deny that intelligence serves the emotions, that will is the source of every value, from survival to science itself, and that romanticism was a correction of eighteenth century rationalist errors? Modern anti-intellectualism uses these facts, just as it uses superior science and fine reason—for abominable ends. And as Professor Perry himself asserts, the ends are wrong only because they cannot permanently satisfy human emotions. Hence we must judge peoples and their philosophies by the products of their emotions, and reason, and science, and not by the origin of these products, for the origin is simply the common fact of being human, with feelings and thoughts which can be guided though not dissevered.

So much for the theory. In the practical half of his little book, Mr. Perry tackles with very close reasoning the question of democratic defense, both within and without. How much liberty should be given to those who advocate tyranny seems to the author a problem on paper rather than in practice—granted, of course, that the democracy wishes to survive and does not make a fetish of giving the utmost license to its domestic enemies. The rule is this: in order to enjoy the privileges of free utterance and assembly, any opposition must clearly share the belief that these rights are an inalienable common ground, lacking which there is no debate but war. The rule once given, it is a matter of judging cases on their merits, and since despotisms nowadays proclaim themselves, a word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

But the fullest wisdom also requires that the democracies fight the tyrannies on their chosen ground, with their own weapon of force. This, Mr. Perry recognizes, means the temporary abeyance of democratic ideals. To preserve a creed, he says, is not always to observe it, but to observe it requires that it shall have been preserved. There is consequently no choice. He uses the two examples of Lincoln and Wilson, whose fate it was to lead the nation into a course repugnant to their principles for the very sake of those principles. But he does not say enough about the ways of keeping alive somewhere in the soul a principle which is thus more honored in the breach than the observance. His two appealing examples reënforce the query: Lincoln did not live to reconstruct the South and Wilson was unable to reconstruct Europe, despite all their will and their power of arousing enthusiasm for the right and the truly expedient. What then are we to do? We cannot be lukewarm in action, yet we undo the work of our own hands if we do not know when or how to stop. It is the tragedy of our private as it may be of our collective life, and it should make the philosopher in each of us pray for strength as well as light and leading.



Autobiography at 90

CITIES AND MEN. By Inman Barnard. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1940. 256 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IT is pretty hard right now to review a book written by an American journalist who has lived for some forty years in France, either in Paris or on the Côte d'Azur, who now at the age of ninety years searches in a memory which takes him back to a meeting with Mr. Lincoln and a kiss from Rachel. Yet I'm sure Mr. Barnard, his ninety years behind him, would cry, Hope! He has seen too many things to be despondent, or to get this present terror out of perspective. He saw the Commune, and the first goose-stepping in the dear streets of Paris: that was seventy years ago. He knew that paragon of lost causes, General Gordon: he was a friend of Morell Mackenzie, the British surgeon who attended the last civilized ruler of Germany, the father of William II. He has known men in most countries and of every kind—principally his chief, James Gordon Bennett. There is a chapter called "Day with the Poet Laureate," and of course the poet is not John Masefield or Robert Bridges, but Lord Tennyson, who gave him pot-still Highland whiskey and Virginian tobacco sent to him by James Russell Lowell. Mr. Barnard, whom Rachel greeted in his native Boston in 1856, acquired, perhaps at that age, an interest in the theatre; he was a friend of Sarah Bernhardt, of Sardou and of Antoine, the founder of the Théatre Libre, who produced Zola's plays and Ibsen's. In his later years he was intimate with Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador at the Elysée during the last war. As President of the American Club in Paris he presided in 1917 at a dinner held on the anniversary of Columbus's discovery of this continent. When he announced the day, a Texan artillery officer exclaimed "All damn nonsense! The man who discovered America was the Kaiser William a few months ago."

As is natural in a book by so old an author, the early recollections are sharper and more brightly told than the later. Mr. Huddlestone has helped his friend, and written a good introduction. He might, however, have done a little more towards correcting obvious errors—for instance, Tennyson's house was not near Windsor, nor is Windsor on the Isle of Wight where the poet lived. Perhaps, however, minor errors of this kind serve to arouse the reader's interest as he retraces the long-vanished past of an almost fabulous world in Mr. Barnard's genial, tolerant company.

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American Family*

(1900)

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

The family was five Father a southron
really though bred in the Service tall quick-eyed
biting mustache with humor fine clear profile
agile at tennis adept at cards and puzzles
knowing all words. . . .
Mother blue-eyed English
and quizzical Scotch-Irish deeply Christian
and innocent and gay and quite determined
Both witty and gentle and would read aloud
be it Amy Robsart John Ridd and Lorna Doone
"Kidnapped" or "The Cloister and the Hearth"
till gaslight and the rustling light of fire
were flambeaux beach-flares candles at an inn
and scenes within the mind were bright and teeming
while the dark waterfall of Louisa's hair
fell round her vivid face her Spanish eyes
more darkly glowing with the thing she dreamed
and Raymond's knees were hooked above his head
over the arm of the big leather chair
the chair in which even Father twisted round
since it appeared that no Fernandez male
ever sat right-end-up for very long

So sometimes evening voices poetry
like incantation high fantastic fun
like "The Lang Coortin'" with that huge-beaked bird
the Popinjay or "Alice" Sylvie and Bruno
the Caravan of the Admiral and Sir Walter
the vari-colored books of tales by Lang
the "Wonder Clock" and Father tensely intoning
"This is our Captain Loredan
and we are all
his men!
How like you Captain Loredan
who fights you one to ten?
So through the ships the story ran
and o'er all seas the glory ran
the story of
the glory of
victorious
Great Loredan!"

Ever after and drifting down the years
the emotion in those voices ever after
the intonation the pronunciation
lying on language like a light caress
texture of speech that brought the words to life
with flexible stress and pause
and ever after
pervasion of nobility and honor
through honored phrase
until the words of men
the ignoble deeds of men in later years
and Raymond's own would sometimes fall on hush
through which no accusation save the words
of beauty in beautiful articulation
startled like silence after something loud
and cruel is said. . . .
in the agnostic father
burned reverence for the word lit with clear humor
and in the mother a spiritual flame
shaken with passion both these passionate people
strict in conventional conduct of the time
delightfully at times were wild and wayward
let nothing stem their gaiety and nonsense
in the inner circle were children with their children
and then again aloof and alien air
of strictness breathed and walked each with a sorrow
and difficult breath
Raymond watching their eyes
the dark that could be angered and the blue
that could be cold felt till his heart-beats stifled
the mystery of these omnipotents
who trod a world above him and beyond
withdrawn into their own concerns
He loved
rebelled but questioned little in later time
assumed the world they knew so gradually
that suddenly in his own small children's eyes
the breach surprised him that had grown so wide
between his youth and theirs
Old uniforms
old guidons that the boy sometimes in play
took from a closet the dark bronze marksman medals
the leather-bound Class Book with his father's face
boyish beneath the forage cap so slim
in his bell-buttoned gray daguerrotypes
in still another album photographs
of children in pantalettes women in bustles
and men in such peculiar coats and hats. . . .
the frail and lovely old-fashioned paper-dolls
Mother had saved and fashion-plates Louisa
pored over and the Mother-As-A-Child
precocious he had heard in recitations
serious-eyed and wistful another of Mother
that Father teased her about as Father teased
so often with his brownie-like affection
"Mother Just Budding Into Womanhood". . . .
these from the years and more and so much more
but the residuum?
Well never self-seeking
always a courteous consideration
and reason ruling and the anecdote
perpetual bringing the intrinsic humor
like grains of gold to light a thing called duty
from Father that was stern and to be followed
and in the defect not quite to be excused
ever a flash of steel and Mother's pardon
a thing to be deserved but suddenly
so gloriously and amusingly a pardon
the world was filled with light. . . .

the later Raymond
thought of them each: a guidon on a parapet
that fell not even when the staff was broken—
a well of water cool and deep and clear
yet troubled for all sorrow shaken with gusts
wherein a lightning against all injustice
shook like Ithuriel's spear. . . .

Such human people
both walking in their own inviolacy
aware of their own follies and mistakes
but warm in hearts of friends and of their foes
he seemed not to have heard
He loved his sister
even through the age when growing boy and girl
are two recriminating antagonisms
forgetting never her quick championship
when he was small "picked on" by other boys
bewildered by a sudden cruel absence
of all good will
The Infant too he loved
who shook belligerent curls took to existence
at first as a young emperor whose round face
was lit with life and curiosity
and amid violent poundings of his spoon
would beam benevolence. . . .
Such were the five:
the different two who never for all their strivings
could change by one iota essential nature
in either and the three begotten of love
as their live essence knew
these were in bond
each to the other for a certain time
nourished and foiled each others' natural best
beat hardily against each others' wills
increased experience suffered endured
and held to love whether they found or failed

This family portrait will be included in a long semi-autobiographical poem of America to be published in 1941.

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From the jacket.

American Family in Mexico

THE MEXICAN TOUCH. By Edwa Moser. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 279 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THIS is not merely a story of Mexico, it is a whole year of living beautifully and courageously in a strange setting. Not many people have ever gotten more out of alien sojourn than did Mrs. Moser and her three children, Molly, Don and Ken, aged ten, twelve, and fourteen, who spent the better part of their time in a sprawling Mexican house in that place of eternal spring, Cuernavaca, on the southern folds of mountains where far ridges and sun-baked plains stretch on toward the Pacific.

Their rambling house stood beside a ravine of swaying cala lilies, of orchids dangling from mango trees, of bougainvillea matching the wings of the cardinal birds; and across from that ravine they could see the ancient tan porticos of the Palace of Cortés, where Diego Rivera's famous fresco of Zapata, the Mexican agrarian leader, shone "luminous and clear," and where before long Don, having learned Spanish, was posing as a native urchin in order to guide American tourists.

Little by little she and her children unlocked the rich secrets of real Mexican living. Unlike D. H. Lawrence, who in his fearful strained way in "Mornings in Mexico" made a mystery of the Mexican mind, the Mosers learned to share and understand local joys and sorrows.

She gives the secret for accomplishing this on page 6. "I can't remember where, precisely on the map, the realization of humility first came upon us," and we, the "civilized" ones suddenly felt "wadded and overloaded." From then on they turned their faces toward simplicity and thereby discovered the essential motifs of the land, motifs as ancient as the triangular pyramids of Tenochtitlán, as new as the latest palm leaf.

Apparently Mrs. Moser took as her motto the advice Lord Chesterfield gave to his son on sending him to France: to eschew the company of his compatriots from whom he could learn only bad manners; besides, since there were millions of them in England, there was no point in going abroad except to mingle with Frenchmen. She and her children often pretended to be Mexican in order to avoid people probably admirable at home but obnoxious as tourists, people who "seldom if ever, sat down in the sunshine and listened to the marimbas and quieted themselves until they could hear above their own pulse the pulse of the nation." For Mrs. Moser there was no "more repellent spectacle on earth than a New England conscience sitting in judgment under a banana tree."

The Mosers also eschewed the capital's elite; they lived in rural ease with Spaniards, mestizos, and mostly Indians. Ken and Don even became apprentices to Mexican artisans; out of such a life they reaped the rich rewards of understanding, of insight into new beauties and the ways of the human heart. It is a moving and hilarious record, but without one touch of false sentimentality. Mrs. Moser was able to look clear-eyed at cruelties, to see the humor in quaint and difficult situations.

Being a mother she was somewhat appalled at the precocious sex instincts of Mexican children, and though she doesn't quite say "hussy" to the local coquettes, she was worried about the possible effects on her Ken. Her book has much of the charm, tolerance and warm humor that animated that earlier classic, "Viva México!" by Flandreau.

"King of the Dudes"

NEITHER PEST NOR PURITAN. The Memoirs of E. Berry Wall. New York: The Dial Press. 1940. 314 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

HE went everywhere, did Evander Berry Wall, Esq., and he knew everybody who was anybody. (Tut, Dial Press, all those fancy names and no index!) His was a long life and a gay one, for he knew how to relax and play though rich, which, he maintained, took some doing. Though in learning how he ran through two fortunes of over a million each and would have frittered away a third inheritance if not left him in trust, he thought the lesson was cheap at the price.

Spendthrift, snob, and social butterfly. "King of the Dudes." Delight of caricaturists. Such was E. Berry Wall. Once a writer—queer birds, writers, like doctors, thought Mr. Wall—accused him of leading an aimless existence. Not so. His aim was a grand time, and he had it right up to the day of his death not long ago. Except for acting as a customer's man in a brokerage office and "pushing" champagne, neither of which he counted as work, he admittedly never labored all his life until he wrote these memoirs.

But then he did a job. Having kept no notes or clippings, he meanders all over the lot. He reads sometimes like extracts from the late *Town Topics* of unblessed memory, though, mostly, minus the malice. Nevertheless here is a revealing social history of the "good old days," gossipy and entertaining, in New York City and in fashionable resorts at home and abroad. New Year's Day calling, coaching parties, riding to the hounds and racing. Escapades ranging from barrooms to the *Bal des Quat'z Arts* in Paris. "We were a moral lot," Mr. Wall insists, but he has previously quoted his father's advice: "Never mind who or how charming your lady friend may be. Always leave the money on the mantlepiece."

For the "King of the Dudes," Mr. Wall says little of his wardrobe, so magnificent that he could change his suits daily for three months without wearing the same garment, had three ties for every day in the year, and shelf after shelf of shoes. Men, he felt, aren't interested in clothes anymore.

He was a bit disillusioned toward the last when he realized "that others were no longer in our service. We were in the service of others." But as, an expatriate in Paris, he neared his '80's and his end, the old buck was still in there dancing.

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ENGLAND *was an* ISLAND ONCE

by Elswyth Thane

AUTHOR OF "THE TUDOR WENCH"

A deep-rooted, indestructible love for England belonged to Elswyth Thane before she ever went there, and made her return to England for the last eleven consecutive summers. She has spent those summers as an unknown American visitor, as a successful author, a successful playwright, as a quiet reader in the British Museum, and as a wanderer (as W. H. Hudson used to say) in search of "little things." During those eleven years, gradually, unwillingly, it became clear that the period she lived in was not the post-war, but pre-war; and so as with most others, her life was in the shadow of impending calamity.

"As with most others" — that is the documentary value and pleasure in Elswyth Thane's book; for it is the kind of record which, in separate ways, we all can feel; and it is a discursive record of how, throughout all time past, the English have managed their many wars and tribulations. At first she shows her own preoccupations with leisurely and comfortable life "as was"—but there was much more than merely leisure and comfort in her "spiritual browsings"; there was, for instance, her active sense of history, her "present tense of stories of the past," which recreates so many earlier emergencies and desperations, and gives perspective for the present time. That is her special gift; and the perspective both informs and adds warmth to her personal narrative. The apparently casual summer-by-summer record thus faces up to the intrusion of all the thoughts and fears that are most hateful; and in the end, it is not a gloomy book, for somehow faith and cheerfulness is always breaking in.

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He Made France "Aggressive"

RICHELIEU, HIS RISE TO POWER. By Carl J. Burckhardt. Translated and abridged by Edwin and Willa Muir. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 413 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

RICHELIEU, when he is more than a name remembered from textbooks and survey courses, is probably known in English-speaking countries chiefly from the novels of Dumas and the brief biography by Hilaire Belloc. It is good to have these sources supplemented and amended by Mr. Burckhardt's thorough and animated study. This English translation has been abridged, and in particular stripped of all traces of the apparatus of scholarship; there are no footnotes, and no discussion of sources and bibliography. That the necessary spade-work has been done, however, is clear on every page. This is no hasty job of popularization, no extended essay, but a sound piece of historical scholarship. In this volume Mr. Burckhardt takes Richelieu through the "Day of the Dupes," when with the fall of the Queen-Mother, Marie de Medicis, the power of the Cardinal was finally consolidated, and he was free to build the foundations of the state Louis XIV was to try to use—perversely, perhaps, and no doubt contrary to the intentions of Richelieu—as an instrument of world-dominion.

Mr. Burckhardt knows at first hand both the French and the German cultural inheritance, a knowledge most useful in the study of Richelieu, who did so much to make France united and Germany disunited for two hundred years. He does not, of course, make Richelieu solely responsible for the Thirty Years' War or the structure of the old regime in France. He pays full attention to the complex of social forces which limited and in a sense determined the actions of the statesman. But—as befits a Burckhardt—he is convinced that on the whole great men make history as much as history makes men. He is therefore interested rather in the drama of Richelieu's rise to power, in the twistings and turnings of the course by which in the end the Cardinal came so straight to his goal, in the intrigue of court, camp, and chancellery, than in the institutions and traditions of seventeenth century France.

Richelieu

The story he tells clearly, but not simply, for it cannot be told simply. The ramifications of the affair of the Voltelline alone, for instance, are enough to drive any student of history to despair. Even the late Lord Morley once confessed that he could never remember who was fighting whom during most of the eighteenth century, and the seventeenth century is even worse. Moreover, Mr. Burckhardt is too familiar with German culture to write and think in terms of the commonsense rationalism which is the natural medium of Anglo-Saxon historians. There is in him a touch, if not of the philosopher of history, at least of the romanticist. His Richelieu is charged with destiny, moves in depths beyond the reach of common sense and common words. But Mr. Burckhardt does not force this note. His book will afford the careful reader an admirable study of a period and problem by no means without a direct importance in our contemporary world. For the France Richelieu helped to build became the great "aggressor" nation of its time. And anything we can learn about what makes that sort of nation click should be interesting, and perhaps even useful, today.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 339)

CONRAD AIKEN
THE HOUSE OF DUST

We are like music, each voice of it pursuing
A golden separate dream, remote, persistent,
Climbing to fire, receding to hoarse despair.
What do you whisper, brother? What do you tell me?
We pass each other, are lost, and do not care.

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PARTNERS IN PRINT

(*Continued from page 4*)

brothers Grimm are the masters of this genre most universally known and loved. What would you give to read again, as if it were for the first time, the story of "The Valiant Little Tailor"?

Writers who have worked in collaboration, for the most part with capital results, are Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, who wrote "The Gilded Age" together; Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, his American brother-in-law, whose Indian romance, "The Naulahka," is one of the best melodramas the public ever has decided to neglect; Arnold Bennett and Eden Phillpotts, who for the fun of it did three fantastic mystery yarns together; and the well-known Irish team of Somerville and Ross. Barrie and Conan Doyle, however, were not destined to a happy partnership, although as close friends and fellow cricketers they once made the effort. An operetta, "Jane Annie," was the vehicle for their joint message; now, in its published form, only a rare item for the collectors. It was a flop on the stage, and the two famous Scotsmen never again were tempted to repeat the experience.

Much ink has been spilled, first and last, about a collaboration of the American nineties that added a classic story to romantic literature. The year was 1892 when Francis Schulte, the Chicago publisher, brought forth a paper-covered volume with a sinister title and two names on its title page. This was "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," by Ambrose Bierce and G. A. Danziger, the first a noted journalist and writer of short stories, the latter unknown to fame save in the bohemian purlieus of San Francisco. An introductory note set forth that the original author of the tale was the German Richard Voss, a writer of distinction in his own country. Danziger had translated the story and brought it to Bierce, who had presumably rewritten it. In later editions of the volume, Bierce appeared to deprecate the contribution of Danziger as negligible; and in one issue, at least, Danziger's name was removed from the title. A threatened lawsuit, however, restored the collaborator's name and forced the conviction that he had been shabbily treated. Later Danziger, a physician, adopted the style of Adolphe Danziger de Castro, under which name he published a number of reminiscences of Bierce.

Most popular perhaps of contemporary partners in writing are Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall, whose "Bounty" trilogy already is thought to be of

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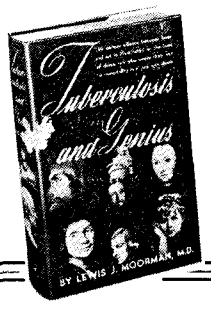

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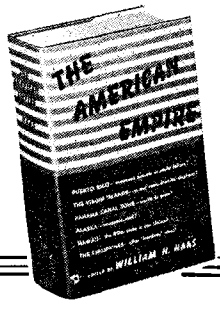

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

Edited by William H. Haas

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classic proportions. Their collaboration began early and is going on as one writes. Both men were in the World War as members of the Lafayette Flying Corps, but—oddly—did not meet until after the armistice had been signed. Possibly they would never have met had it not been for Dr. Edmund Gros, vice president of the Corps, who wanted a literary history of the outfit written and asked Nordhoff and Hall, who had been journalists, to write it. The work was begun in Paris and was continued after the two men were demobilized. It was finished in the summer of 1919, which summer found them in Martha's Vineyard with their book finished and not another visible on the horizon. For six months they were at loose ends; then early in 1920 they were on their way to Tahiti together, on assignment, to write articles for *Harper's Magazine*. They had no intention of remaining on the island; but they are still there, still writing books in collaboration and planning to write others. Hall likes mountain climbing and Nordhoff likes fishing, and between books they try to get in a little of each.

They are serious writers. It is not unusual for them to spend from four to eight months, it is said, on the selection of a theme.

Together and individually, writes James McConnaughey in "By Nordhoff and Hall," they play with an idea, drop it; develop another, drop it and go back to the first; discard both and begin again with a fresh one, and continue along this line until one takes firm root in both their minds and stands up to all the tests to which they can subject it. . . . When they do finally agree on the story they are going to write, they draw up charts of the characters, including their ages, color of eyes and hair, physical proportions, mannerisms and whatever other details are important. Next day they work out an elaborate brief of the plot, and finally they divide the story into chapters with a résumé of what happens in each chapter. Then Hall takes, say, chapters one, three and four, while Nordhoff goes to work on two, five and six. They have known each other for so long, and have collaborated for so many years, that they naturally are perfectly familiar with each other's style. For the purposes of uniformity, each writer bends his own style towards the other's, and as a result, even before any editing is done—they edit each other's work as a further refinement—it is practically impossible to tell who wrote what. Sometimes one will write a chapter that the other leaves virtually untouched, and sometimes a chapter represents such a hodgepodge that each has difficulty afterward in deciding which lines are his.

For the sake of literary detec-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CANDY KILLINGS *Gail Stockwell* (Greystone Press: $2.)	One-legged cinema hero turns sleuth and, at peril of life, snares slayer of Manhattan sweets magnate and several others.	Probably holds record for number of characters leading double lives. Detective agreeably portrayed, and clues laid out for all to see.	Passable
MURDER WITHOUT MAKE-UP *Edla Benjamin* (Random House: $2.)	Gas explosion ends shady career of theater technician, blinding police eyes to vital murder clues snapped up by observant ingenue.	High lights and shadows of Manhattan theatrical life zestfully portrayed. Story slightly naïve at times and climax is quite eye-lifting.	Adequate
DEATH JOINS THE WOMAN'S CLUB *Charles Saxby* (Dutton: $2.)	Corpse that vanishes from murky stage of Cal. woman's club, and another that turns up in wrong bed, bother sleuth Briscoe.	Hair-raising confession scene clears up double killing after much bumbling but entertaining detective work by local police chief and helpers.	Good enough
KILL ONE, KILL TWO *W. W. Anderson* (Morrow: $2.)	Unexplained blue globes of fire on mountain top near Asheville presage death for two and copious trouble for detective Lieut. Farnum.	Rather loosely knit but effective story of multi-millionaire whose wealth roused demon of covetousness. Solution hinges on odd atmospheric fact.	Average
NINE TIMES NINE *H. H. Holmes* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Head of Los Angeles suckersect calls down vengeance on exposer, who dies in locked room. Oxford trained local detective unpuzzles it.	Baffling crime set-up, along classic lines; fantastic scenes amongst weird cultists; romance, action and humor in satisfying amounts.	Clever

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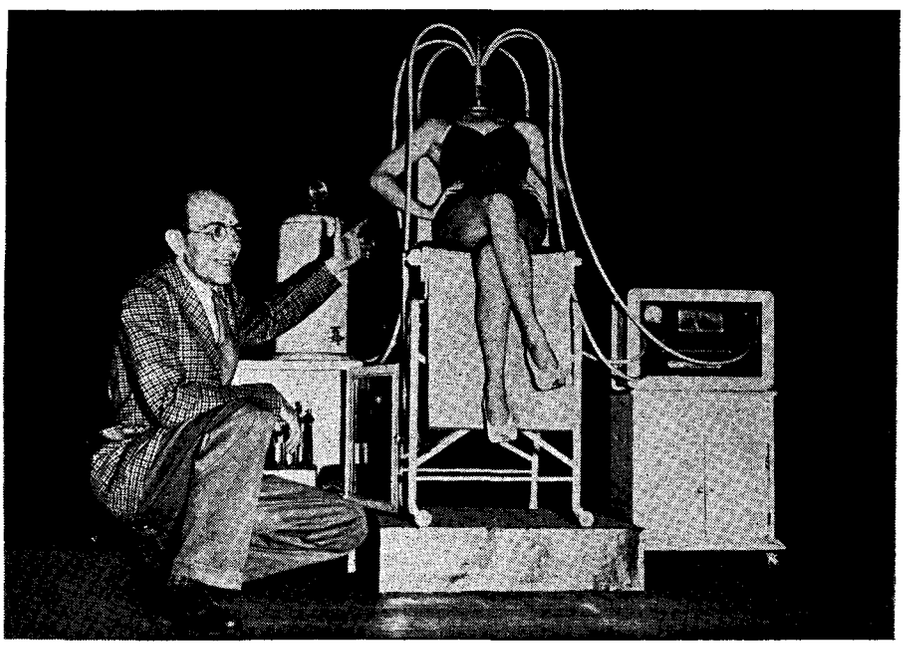
tives who want examples of virginal stretches, Mr. McConnaughey reveals that chapter ten of "The Hurricane" was written by Nordhoff and chapter twelve by Hall.

Another popular team of writers, currently in the public eye, are Messrs. Manfred B. Lee and Frederic Dannay, better known by their pseudonym of "Ellery Queen." The men are first cousins and their collaborations began roughly about ten years ago, over a luncheon table. At the time, one cousin was art director of an advertising agency, the other was doing publicity and advertising for a motion-picture company; both lived in New York. A news squib to the effect that a popular magazine and a publishing house were running a joint mystery-novel contest, involving $7,500 for the winning manuscript, was produced for inspection, and over the luncheon the cousins determined to have a go at it. They began their first opus as a joke, meeting at night and using office typewriters, and before they realized it were too deeply involved to retire. The resulting novel was "The Roman Hat Mystery," for some time a best seller in its field. But that is anticipating. What happened first was that, unofficially, the novel won the prize; then almost immediately the magazine went under. Its assets were taken over by another magazine, which at once selected another story. However, the publisher decided to publish the book, with the happy result already indicated.

For some time the circumstance that "Ellery Queen" was two persons was kept from the public, as other books from the same pens hurried from the press; but inevitably the physical presence of the eminent writer-detective was required for publicity purposes. A coin was tossed by the cousins to determine which one was to be "Ellery Queen" in public; it was agreed that the loser of the toss should take the rap, and also that he should be allowed to make his public appearance in a mask—a circumstance that did no violence to the publicity department's program. In the middle of the hoax the collaborators, who were nothing if not prolific, created a second detective character; this was Drury Lane, the suave fathomer in three or four novels put forth as the work of a new writer, Barnaby Ross, and published by a different publisher. A lecture tour was arranged, in connection with which "Barnaby Ross" challenged "Ellery Queen" to solve a murder mystery from the platform. This "Queen" consented to do; and thereafter, for a time, the cousins chased each other up and down the forty-eight states of the American union, both wearing masks, feeding from the same scripts, and presumably having a thoroughly good time. The cousin who played the part of "Ross" in this buncombe was, of course, the cousin who had won the toss in the matter of "Queen" and now had no choice but to create the other part. Whatever may be the merits of their books—and they have been asserted to be among the best mystery stories of our time—there can be little doubt that the "Queens," so to call them, have furnished much lively entertainment for the novelty-loving public.

This article is a preview of "Books Alive," to be published next month by Random House.



THE HEADLESS LADY by Clayton Rawson. Step right up ladies 'n' gents and enjoy a weird and wonderful baffler bristling with strange characters and curious circus lore. "Swell reading," says *The Saturday Review's* Criminal Record of this latest Merlini Mystery by the author of *Death from a Top Hat,* etc. *Illustrated,* $2.00.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE. By Clennell Wilkinson. Lippincott. 1940. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

This biography of the last significant member of the Stuart family is mainly a forthright narrative of the '45. That daring and hopeless attempt to dethrone the Hanoverian dynasty is one of the most romantic tales in history, and Mr. Williamson does it full justice. The most intrepidly imaginative of novelists could have invented nothing more spectacular than Prince Charles, at the head of a few thousand undisciplined Highlanders, occupying Edinburgh, putting to rout the English regulars at Prestonpans, penetrating the defenses as far south as Derby. Even the sorry retreat back to Scotland has its romantic climax in the victory at Falkirk, to which the defeat at Culloden is but the inevitable realistic aftermath. The whole campaign was mad but brilliant, and the boyish prince who led it assumed in the eyes of English and Scots alike the properties of a hero, the kind of unsuccessful hero that Byron and the Romantic Movement were many years later to bring into literary fashion. The fantastic adventures of his wanderings in the Hebrides and his final escape to France only augmented the legend and increased the glory. It is this dashing, youthful, picturesque adventurer that Mr. Williamson frankly celebrates, the irresistible boy who dared the impossible and gave to Scotland a memory that has lived ever since in the tartan and bagpipe. Over the long pathetic years of his hero's degeneration into a carping, irritable, and ineffectual old man he passes hastily and gently. They belong to the drabness of history, not to the brilliance of romance.

C. D. A.

Fiction

CLEAR FOR ACTION. By Clements Ripley. Appleton-Century. 1940. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

The build-up of John Paul Jones as this country's outstanding naval hero during 150 years of effervescent publicity, makes him a good subject around which to develop rollicking sea yarns. So many authors have done this that there would seem to be little room for distinctive treatment or fresh material. Clements Ripley, however, has discovered room for both. Besides writing an interesting yarn, he has portrayed the capricious vanity of J. P. J. in a delightful way.

Through the eyes, ears, and quaint expression of the canny Scot, Angus Lowrie, whom he makes the hero and narrator of his yarn, he draws an accurate, historical picture. Here you meet the whimsical, ambitious sea raider, a lover of ships and women, a man who would fight like a demon, without committing himself to any cause, and who was quite willing to serve Catherine the Great, or the Continental Congress, as if and when either gave him a chance to strut his stuff. Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, an infatuated Charleston belle, the fight with the Serapes, the one-ship blockade of England are all introduced.

The book is worth reading.

M. E. T.

Miscellaneous

REFUGEE. Anonymous (translation by Clara Leiser). Prentice Hall. 1940. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Perhaps this is the wrong time to bring out a book about an Aryan family persecuted by Nazi brutality. But from small instances we learn the meaning of great ones; in a simple, well-told tale of innocent people we perceive the whole horror which Nazi domination, or fascism in our own country would bring us.

Clara Leiser translates the tale of an anonymous German "Aryan" couple and their child, a family of the lower middle class living in a suburban German town. Their only crime is their intense pacificism, which makes them naturally anti-Hitler. Most of the book is written by Elli, the wife; several chapters, dealing with his life in the concentration camp of Sonnenburg, are by Hans, the husband. Neither Ellie nor Hans give way to heroics or hysterics; yet their tale is moving, and contains suspense and excitement as great as that in any adventure novel. The style is simple, factual, unadorned; it reads like a letter to a friend. For sheer horror Hans's description of the insane, perverted tortures indulged in by the concentration camp officials is the high pitch of the book, but even more heartbreaking is his wife's story of the gradual nervous and physical collapse brought on by the more subtle kind of Nazi torture—deliberate withholding of her husband's letters; sending her through the mail his bloodstained underclothes.

The story of their escape to Switzerland is frighteningly dramatic. From there, kindly and courageous Quakers, who saved their lives and their hopes more than once, even within Nazi Germany, help them to come to the United States. One is as naively pleased as they at their discovery, when they finally reach New York, that they could buy eggs by the dozen, instead of the usual one or two at a time. Thoughout their years of hunger and persecution they preserve intact an innocent joy of life and a spiritual balance which more than anything else give the lie to Hitler's method of breaking down internal resistance by destroying the moral fiber of his rebellious citizens.

K. W. S.

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

DURING a late September heat wave a sufferer was heard to exclaim: "What's the matter with *our* summer, wasn't it good enough for the Indians?" ☞Old Q. enjoyed the preface in that attractively made book *My Name Is Aram* (stories of a California-Armenian boy) by William Saroyan. Mr. Saroyan says "The writing of this book has been without effort, strain, or any of the other kinds of wretchedness said to be experienced by writers. . . . The writer simply wrote the words while his spirit enjoyed their meaning." ☞The result of which is, Mr. Saroyan has written a delightful series of fables, of which "The Fifty-Yard Dash" is a happy example. We have a hopeful conviction that Mr. Saroyan will never grow old, which would set a good example to a lot of people. ☞Another perennial youth is our colleague, William Rose Benét, whose new collection of ballads *With Wings as Eagles* tells the history of man flying, in vividly expert moods and meters.

★ ★

☞A very moving picture was in *PM* about a week ago, Queen Elizabeth talking to Mrs. O'Connor, whose husband, sister and nephew had been killed by a bomb in one of London's humbler wreckages. Mrs. O'Connor's white and grim old cockney face was an emblem of what humanity can take (and shouldn't have to). We recaptioned the picture for ourself, *The Widow in the Bye Street.* ☞John T. Flynn, in *Country Squire in the White House,* quotes H. G. Wells's remark about F.D.R.'s mind being "appallingly open."—But so is the United States. ☞The sale of *Country Squire* has been so brisk that the publishers haven't yet (our copy is 8th printing) had time to correct "Eaton and Harrow" on page 6. It is well worth reading, even for those who do not agree with all its sentiments.

★ ★

☞Old Q.'s favorite book advertisement of the last week was Gimbel's for *Euripides's Plays* (79 cents): *"Extract the marrow* of Euripides's rationalism, iconoclasticism and powerful lyricism from the backbone of story appeal." ☞This alone was worth as much as the price of the book. ☞We have long wished to please Mr. Somerset Maugham by telling him that in a Long Island suburb where the streets were named for modern artists there is a byway called Strickland Place, christened presumably for the hero of *The Moon and Sixpence.* ☞A restful title, at the moment we wish it were more appropriate, is *Nothing Ever Happens,* a book of simple and imaginative tales for youth written by two distinguished cousins, Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Sarah N. Cleghorn. ☞Mrs. Fisher explains in the first story that the title is intentionally oblique; beneath the calm exterior of a Green Mountain valley plenty of strong and suggestionable things can happen, and these quietly written fables have meat in them.

★ ★

☞Doubleday, Doran are starting their Seaport Series with *The Port of Gloucester* by James B. Connolly and *Harbour of the Sun* (*viz.* San Diego) by Max Miller. The series plans to deal with the history and romance of all our important sea-towns; *Baltimore* is being written by Hamilton Owens, and *Seattle* by Archie Binns. ☞Agatha Christie's *Sad Cypress* is an admirable find on the detective story counters, and Hercule Poirot is there shown in his most attractive. But Dorothy Sayers fans will be grieved by Mrs. Christie naming one of her characters Peter Lord, which tends to confusion with Lord Peter? ☞Dayton Stoddard's life of Sime Silverman, the mercurial founder of America's liveliest trade paper, *Variety,* should be good entertainment. It is announced by Wilfred Funk. ☞Bibliophiles in Buffalo report finding many unusual treasures in the miscellaneous books of the late Mr. R. B. Adam's collection, sold at private bidding. These are apart from Mr. Adam's world-famous Johnsoniana collection, which has been preserved intact. ☞One of the most distinguished collections ever given to the public is the library of the late W. T. H. Howe, president of the American Book Company, now given to the N. Y. Public Library by Dr. A. A. Berg. The *Herald-Tribune* describes it as ranging "from Spenser to Edna Ferber."

★ ★

☞Speaking (as we were) of vintage railroad depots, M. G. H. (Wonalancet, N. H.) writes: "Toledo's should no doubt be preserved sous cloche, but, according to Norman Simpson, North Conway's ought to be stuffed." ☞W. L. Werner (State College, Pa.) tells us that *No Life So Happy* "is a book on fishing, full of literary plums, by Edwin L. Peterson, a former student of mine and now an English prof. at U. of Pittsburgh. The publisher is Dodd Mead." ☞Our colleague Hamish Nelson, who extracts intellectual ectoplasm from all sorts of cunning questionnaires, says the *SRL* dropped into a general inquisition upon our readers the casual query, "Have you read *The Grapes of Wrath?"* ☞Of the repliers, 18,127 had done so, and 4,156 said they still intend to. ☞It pleases us that our patrons have only a very low coefficient of velleity. ☞We have always enjoyed the Oxford Pocket Dictionary's definition of velleity as "inert aspiration."

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Double-Crostics: No. 340

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

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	170-M	171-I	172-N	173-L	174-E	175-G	176-T	177-P	178-O		179-G	180-S	181-X	182-W	183-C	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Characterized by advice.

B. Beginning.

C. French painter (1684-1721).

D. Cherish, foster.

E. Pike (fish).

F. Animals' lungs.

G. Aphoristic (often derogatory).

H. Adventurer (Ital.)

I. Disturbance of the peace.

J. God of learning and medicine (Egypt).

K. Flashlight.

L. Japanese syllabary.

M. Intimate, sociable (colloq.)

N. Inspiring.

O. Insignificant, pompous person (2 wds.) (slang).

P. Swiss alpine peak.

Q. In the nature of gnawing.

R. Apprehended only by the intellect.

S. Dickens character ("little").

T. Sputtering sound.

U. Prince of opera by Borodin.

V. Floating dock.

W. White ant.

X. In like manner.

Y. Hawaiian island.

Z. Not at all.

WORDS

19 60 88 161 111 100 28 128 50

106 124 117 11 96 141 80 90

32 2 64 125 183 83 97

45 89 1 34 113 23 72

174 29 4 169 130

138 20 30 126 81 57

179 68 164 38 136 39 77 175 49 24 112

9 133 166 3 73 42 65 143 150 154 110

67 171 163 142

129 107 168 40 132 33 116

153 70 135 18 31

173 95 43 37 76

170 149 155 15 115 131

139 159 69 35 25 151 172 92

17 108 61 122 147 156 178 14 101 55 105 41

103 123 47 148 177 52 109 144 75 120

134 74 98 66 85 13 22 102

27 121 59 167 118 56

44 127 71 82 6 180

157 165 176 140 10 99 36

8 62 94 152

51 119 104 86 26 5

54 79 48 93 162 182 21

53 84 181 46 12 114 160 63

146 137 91 158

145 87 58 78 16 7

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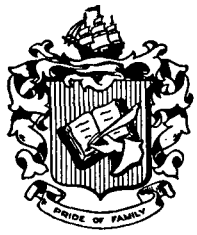

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Abbot(t)
Abel(l)
Abraham(s)
Abram(s)
Adair
Adam(s)
Adkins
Agnew
Aiken(s)
Akers-Ackers
Albright
Albrecht
Alden
Aldrich
Aldridge
Alexander
Alford
Allen-Allan
Allison
Ambrose
Ames
Amos
Anderson
Andrew(s)
Angel(l)
Anthony
Applegate
Archer
Archibald
Armstrong
Arndt
Arnold
Arthur
Ashby
Ash(e)
Ashley
Ashton
Atkins
Atkinson
Atwood
Austin
Avery
Ayer(s)-Ayres
Babcock
Bach(e)
Bacon
Badger
Bagley
Bailey-Bayley
Bain(e)-Bayne
Baird
Baker
Baldwin
Ball
Ballard
Ballou
Bancroft
Bank(e)s
Ban(n)ister
Barber
Barbour
Barclay
Barkley
Barker
Barlow
Barnard
Barnes
Barnet(t)
Barney
Barr
Barrett
Bar(r)on
Barrow(s)
Barry
Bartholomew
Bartlett
Barton
Bass(e)
Bassett
Ba(t)chelder
Bateman
Bates
Bauer
Baxter
Beach-Beech
Beal(e)-Beall
Bean(e)
Beard
Beardsley
Beatty-Beattie
Beaver(s)
Beck
Becker
Becket(t)
Beckwith
Beebe
Beecher
Beer(s)
Belcher
Belden-Belding
Bel(k)nap
Bell
Benedict
Benjamin
Benner
Bennett
Benson-Benson
Bentley
Benton
Bergen-Bergin
Bernard
Berry
Best
Betts
Beyer
Bickford
Biddle
Bigelow
Bige(s)
Billings
Bingham
Birch
Bird
Bishop
Bissell
Black
Blackburn(e)
Blackman
Blackwell
Blain(e)
Blair
Blake
Blake(e)y
Blanchard
Bland
Bliss
Blodgett
Blount-Blunt
Blue-Blew
Boardman
Boggs
Bolton
Bond
Bonner
Booker
Boon(e)
Booth(e)
Borden
Boss(e)
Boswell
Bosworth
Bon(gh)ton
Bourn(e)
Bowen
Bower(s)
Bowe(s)
Bowles-Boles
Bowman
Boyce-Boyes
Boyd
Boyer-Howyer
Boyle(s)
Boynton
Bradbury
Bradford
Bradley
Bradshaw
Brady
Bragg
Branch
Brand
Bran(d)t
Bray
Brewer
Brewster
Brice-Bryce
Bridges
Briggs
Brigham
Bright
Bristol
Britton
Brock
Bronson
Brooke
Brooks
Broughton
Bro(u)wer
Brown(e)
Brownell
Browning
Bruce
Brush
Bryan(t)-Brian
Buchanan
Buck
Buckley
Buckner
Budd(e)
Buel(l)
Bull
Bullard
Bullock
Bundy-Bunde
Burch
Burgess
Burke
Burnett
Burnham
Burns
Burr
Burrell-Burrill
Burrows
Burroughs
Burt
Burton
Bush
Bushnell
Buss(e)-Bussey
Butler
Butterfield
Butt(s)
Buxton
Byer(s)
Byrd
Byrne
Byron
Cady-Cade
Cahill
Cain(e)
Caldwell
Call
Calhoun
Callahan
Callaway
Calvert
Cameron
Campbell
Camp(e)
Canfield
Can(n)on
Cantrell
Car(e)y
Carl(e)ton
Carlisle
Carmichael
Carney
Carpenter
Carr
Carroll
Carson
Carter
Cartwright
Carver
Case
Casey
Cass
Cassel(l)
Cassidy
Castle
Caswell
Chadwick
Chamberl(a)in
Chambers
Champion
Chandler
Chapin
Chapman
Chappell
Charles
Chase
Cheney-Chaney
Cherry
Chester
Child(s)
Chisholm
Christian
Christie
Christy
Church
Churchill
Clapp
Clark(e)
Clay
Clayton
Cle(a)veland
Clement(s)
Clemens
Clifford
Bruce
Clifton
Cline
Clinton
Close
Clough
Coat(e)s
Cobb
Cochran(e)
Cody
Coe
Coffey-Coffee
Coffin
Cogan-Coggins
Col(l)burn
Colby
Cole-Coale
Col(e)man
Coles
Colliер
Collins
Colvin
Comer
Compton
Comstock
Conant
Cone-Coan
Conklin(g)
Conley
Conn
Connell
Connolly
Connelly
Connor-Conner
Conrad
Conway
Cook(e)
Cooley
Co(o)mbs
Coon(s)
Cooper
Cope
Copeland
Corbett
Corbin
Cord(e)y
Cornell
Cornwell
Cotton
Cottrell
Couch
Coulter
Courtney
Cox(e)
Craft-Croft
Craig
Cramer
Crane-Crain
Crawford
Crew(s)
Crocker
Crockett
Crook(s)
Crosby
Cross
Crouch
Crowder
Crow(e)
Crowell
Crump
Culbertson
Cullen
Culp-Kulp
Culver-Colver
Cummin(g)s
Cunningham
Curry-Currie
Curtis
Cushing
Eldred(ge)
Cushman
Cutler
Dale
Dall(e)y
Dall(e)y
Dalton
Danforth
Daniel(s)
Darby-Derby
Darling
Daugherty
Davenport
Dav(e)y-Davie
David(s)
Davidson
Davi(e)s
Dawson
Day
Dayton
Dean(e)
Decker(t)
De(e)ring
Delan(e)y
Denn(e)y
Dennis
Den(n)son
Denton
Dewey
De Witt
Dexter
Dick(e)
Dickerson
Dickey
Dickinson
Diehl-Deal
Dietrich
Dill-Dell
Dillon
Dinsmore
Dix
Dixon-Dickson
Doan(e)
Dobbs
Dodd(s)
Dodge
Dodson-Dotson
Dolan
Donahue
Donohue
Donaldson
Donnelly
Donovan
Dorman
Dorr-Dore
Dorsey
Do(ug)herty
Doughty
Douglas(s)
Dow
Dowd-Doud
Down(e)s
Downing
Doyle
Drake
Draper
Drew
Drummond
Drury-Drewry
Du Bois
Dudley
Duff
Duke(s)
Dunbar
Duncan
Dunham
Dunlap-Dunlop
Dunn(e)
Dunning
Durant-Durand
Durham
Dutton
Duval(l)
Dye-Dee
Dyer
Earl(e)
Earl(e)y
Eastman
Easton
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Eddy
Edmonds
Edmon(d)son
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Edwards
Eggleston
Elder
Eldridge
Elkins
Ellicott
Ellis
Ellison
Ellsworth
Elmore-Elmer
Ely
Emerson
Emery
Engel-Engle
English
Erwin
Estes
Evans
Everett-Everitt
Ewing
Fairbank(s)
Fairchild
Farley-Fairley
Farmer
Farn(h)am
Farrar
Farrell-Ferrel
Faulkner
Fay
Fenton
Ferguson
Ferris-Farris
Field
Finch
Find(d)ley
Fin(d)lay
Finney
Fish
Fisher
Fisk(e)
Fitch
Fitzgerald
Fitzpatrick
Fleming
Fletcher
Flint
Flood
Flower(s)
Floyd
Flynn-Flinn
Foley
Foote
Forbes
Ford
For(e)man
Forrest
Forsyth(e)
Fort(e)
Foster-Forster
Fowler
Fox
Francis
Frank(e)
Franklin
Frazi(e)r
Fraser
Fred(e)rick
Freeland
Freeman
French
Fritz-Fritts
Frost
Fry
Fuller
Fulton
Furman
Gage
Gaines
Galbraith
Gale
Gallatin(e)
Galloway
Gamble
Garland
Garner
Garrett
Garrison
Gaston
Gates
Gault-Galt
Gay
G(e)ary-Gerry
Gee
Geer-Gear
George
Gerhard(t)
Gibbon(s)
Gibbs
Gibson
Gifford
Gilbert
Gilchrist
Gile(s)-Guile
Gill
Gillett(e)
Gillespie
Gill(i)am
Gillit(e)s
Gil(l)man
Gilmore
Girard-Gerard
Given(s)
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Gleason
Glen(n)
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Glynn
Goddard
Godfrey
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Goff(e)
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Goldsmith
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Goss(e)
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Graham
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Gray-Grey
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Green(e)
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Greer-Grier
Gregg
Gregory
Griffin
Griffith
Grigg(s)
Grimes
Griswold
Gross-Gros(s)e
Grove
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Groves
Grubb(s)
Guant(h)er
Guthrie
Guy
Hacker
Hackett
Hadley
Hagen-Hagan
Hager-Haeger
Hahn-Hann
Halg(h)-Hague
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Hallet(t)
Halliday
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Hamilton
Hamlin
Ham(m)
Hamm(e)f
Hamill
Hammond
Hampton
Hancock
Hand
Han(d)ley
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Hanna(h)
Hanson
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Hardin-Harden
Harding
Hardy-Hardie
Hare
Harlan
Harlow
Harmon
Harman
Harnett(e)
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Hartley
Harvey
Jeffrey(s)
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Hauser-Houser
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Hay(e)s-Hay
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Hayward
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Hewitt-Hewett
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Higgins
Hilliard
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Hill(s)
Hilton
Hin(c)kley
Hine(s)-Hind(s)
Hinkle-Henkel
Hinman
Hinton
Hitchcock
Hite-Hight
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Hobson
Hodge(s)
Hodgson
Hoffman(n)
Hofman(n)
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Holden
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Holl(e)y
Holliday
Hollingsworth
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Hopper
Horn(e)
Horner
Horton
Hoskin(s)
Hotchkiss
Hough
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House
Houston
How(e)
Howard
Howell
Howes
Howland
Hoyt-Holt
Hubbard
Hubbell
Huber
Hudson
Huff
Hughes-Hewes
Hull
Hume(s)
Humphrey(s)
Humphries
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Huntington
Huntley
Hurd-Heard
Huribu(r)t
Hurley
Hurst
Hussey
Huston
Hutchin(g)s
Hutchi(n)son
Hutton
Hyatt-Hiatt
Hyde
Hynes
Ingalls
Ingersoll
Ingra(ha)m
Ireland
Irish
Irvin(e)
Irving
Irwin
Isaac(s)
Ives
Jack(s)
Jackman
Jackson
Jacob(s)
Ja(c)ques
Jaeger-Jager
James
Jam(ieson
Jamison
Jarrett
Jarvis
Jay(e)
Jeff(e)ries
Jefferys
Jefferson
Jenkin(s)
Jenks-Jencks
Jennings
Jewell
Jewett
John(s)
Johnson
Johnston(e)
Jones
Jordan-Jordon
Joy
Joyce
Judd
Judson
Julian-Jullien
Kaiser
K(e)iser
Kane-Kain(e)
Kavanagh
Kay(e)
Kearney
Keating
Keel(e)y
Keen(e)
Kean(e)
Keith
Keller-Kellar
Kell(e)y
Kellogg
Kelsey
Kelso
Kemp(e)
Kemper
Kendall
Kendrick
Kennedy
Kenn(e)y
Kent
Kenyon
Kern(s)
Kerr
Ketcham
Ketchum
Key(e)s
Key(e)
Keyser
Kidd
Kilpatrick
Kimball
Kincaid
King
Kingsbury
Kinney
Kirby-Kerby
Kirk
Kirkland
Kirkpatrick
Kitchen
Kline
Knapp
Knight
Knott(s)
Knowles
Knowlton
Knox
Kolb
Kramer
Kuhn(s)
Kyle
Lac(e)y
Ladd
Lake
Lamb
Lambert
Lancaster
Landis-Landes
Lane
Lang
Lan(g)don
Langford
Langley
Larkin(s)
Latham
Lathrop
Latt(i)imer
Law
Lawrence
Lawson
Lawton
Le(a)dbetter
Leach-Leech
Leavitt
Lee
Lefe(b)vre
Lehman(n)
Leigh-Lea
Leland
Lem(m)on
Le(o)nard
Leslie-Lesley
Lester
Levitt
Lewis
Lill(e)y-Lillie
Lincoln
Linde(y)
Lindsay
Lindsey
Linn(e)
Linton
Lippincott
Little-Littell
Livingston
Lloyd
Lock(e)
Lockhart
Lockwood
Logan
Lombard
Long
Loomis
Lowell
Lord
Love
Lovell
Lovett
Low(e)
Low(e)ry
Lucas
Luce-Lucy
Ludwig
Lund-Lunt
Luther
Lyle(s)-Lisle
Lyman
Lynch
Lynn(e)
Lyon
M(a)cDonald
M(a)cDougal(l)
Mace-Macy
M(a)cFadden
M(a)cFarland
M(a)cFarlane
M(a)cGregor
Mack
M(a)cKay
M(a)cKenzie
M(a)cLean
M(a)cLeod
M(a)cMahon
M(a)cMillan
M(a)cMurray
M(a)cNab(b)
M(a)cNamara
M(a)cPherson
M(a)cRae
Madden
Maddox
Madison
Magee
Maguire
Mahon
Malone(y)
Mann
Manning
Markham
Mark(s)
Marsh
Marshall
Martin
Marvin
Mason
Massey-Massle
Masters
Masterson
Mather
Mat(t)hews
Mat(t)son
Maxwell
May
Mayer
Maynard
Mayo
McAdam(s)
McAllister
McCabe
McCall
McCart(h)y
McClain
McClellan(d)
McClintock
McClure
McCollum
McCallum
McCormick
McCormack
McCoy
McCue
McCullough
McCune
McCurdy
McDaniel(s)
McDonough
McDowell
McElroy
McGee
McG(e)hee
McGill-Magill
McGinnis
McGowan
McGuire
McHugh
McIntosh
McIntyre
McIntire
McKee
McKinney
McKenn(e)y
McLaughlin
McLellan
McMillen
McNeil(l)
McNutt
Mead(e)
Mellen-Mellon
Melvin
Merc(i)er
Meredith
Merritt
Metcalf(e)
Meyer(s)
Michel(l)
Middleton
Miles-Myles
Millard
Miller
Milligan
Mills
Miner-Minor
Mitchell(l)
Moffat(t)
Monroe
Montague
Montgomery
Moody
Moon(e)
Mooney
Moore
Morgan
Morley
Morrill
Morris
Morrison
Morrow
Morse
Morton
Mos(e)ley
Moser
Mott
Moulton
Moyer
Mulligan
Munro(e)
Munson
Murdock
Murphy
Murray
Myer(s)
Nagel-Nagle
Nance
Nash
Naylor
Neal(e)-Neil(l)
Needham
Neel(e)y
Neff
Neilson
Nelson
Nesbit-Nisbet
Neville
Newcomb
Newell
Newman
Newton
Nicholas
Nichol(l)s
Nicholson
Nickerson
Niles
Nixon
Noble
Noel-Nowell
Nolan
Norman
Norris
North
Norton
Norwood
Noyes
Nugent
Nye
Oakley
O'Brien
O'Connor
Odell
Ogden
Oliver
Olmste(a)d
O'Neil(l)
O'Neal
Orr
Osborn(e)
Osgood
Otis
Overton
Owen(s)
Pace
Page-Paige
Pain(e)
Painter
Palmer
Par(r)is
Par(r)ish
Parker
Parkinson
Park(s)
Parke(s)
Parry
Parsons
Partridge
Pate
Pat(t)erson
Pat(t)on
Patten
Patrick
Paul
Payne
Peacock
Peak(e)-Peek
Pearce-Pearse
Pearson
Pease
Peck
Pendleton
Penn
Pennington
Pep(p)er
Perkins
Perrin(e)
Perry
Person(s)
Peters
Peterson
Petersen
Pet(t)it
Petty
Phelps
Phillips
Pickering
Picket(t)
Pierce-Peirce
Pierson
Pike
Piper
Pitt(t)man
Pitt(s)
Platt
Plum(m)er
Poe
Polk
Pollard
Pollock
Pomeroy
Pond-Pound
Poole
Pope
Porter
Post
Potter
Potts
Powell
Power(s)
Pratt
Prescott
Preston
Price
Priest
Prince
Prit(t)chard
Pritchett
Proctor-Procter
Pryor-Prior
Pugh
Purcell-Pursell
Purdy
Putnam
Pyle
Quackenbush
Quick
Quigley
Quin(n)
Radcliff(e)
Rainey-Ranney
Ralston
Ramsey
Ramsay
Rand
Randall
Randolph
Rankin
Ransom
Ranson
Rawlin(g)s
Ray-Rae
Raymond
Red(d)ing
Redmon(d)
Redman
Reed-Read
Rees(e)-Reece
Reeve(s)
Reid
Reynolds
Rhodes
Rhoad(e)s
Rice
Rich
Richard
Richards
Richardson
Richmond
Ricker-Riker
Riddle-Riddell
Rider
Ridg(e)way
Riggs
Riley
Ring
Ripley
Rit(t)chie
Rit(t)enhouse
Ritter-Rutter
Rivers
Roach-Roche
Robbin(s)
Robin(s)
Roberts
Robertson
Robinson
Rock(e)
Rockwell
Rodgers
Roe
Rogers
Rollins
Root
Rose
Ross
Rous(e)
Rowan
Rowe
Rowell
Rowland
Rowley
Rush
Russ
Russel(l)
Rust
Rutherford
Rutledge
Ryan
Ryder
Sadler
Sage
St. John
Sale(s)-Sayles
Salisbury
Sam(p)son
Samborn
Sanderson
Sanford
Sargent
Sa(u)nders
Savage
Sawyer
Sayer(s)-Sayre
Schaef(f)er
Schaf(f)er
Schen(c)k
Schneider
Sch(o)field
Schultz
Schumacher
Scott
Seaman
Sheldon
Shelton
Shep(p)ard
Shepherd
Sheridan
Sherman
Sherwood
Shield(s)
Shipley
Shirley
Shoemaker
Shore(s)
Short
Shultz
Traver(s)
Sill(s)
Sim(m)onds
Simmons
Sim(m)s
Simon
Simons-Symons
Simonson
Simpson
Sinclair
Singleton
Skinner
Slack
Slater
Sloan(e)
Slocum
Small
Smalley
Smart
Smith
Snead-Sneed
Snell
Snodgrass
Snow
Snyder-Snider
Sommer(s)
Somers
Spangler
Spark(s)
Spa(u)lding
Spear(s)-Speer
Spence
Spencer
Spicer
Sprague
Springer
Squire(s)
Staat(s)
Stacy
Stafford
Stanford
Stanley
Stanton
Staples
Stapleton
Star(r)
Stark(e)
Starkey
Stauffer
Stearn(s)
Stebbins
Steel(e)
Steen
Sterling
Stevens
Stephens
Stevenson
Stephenson
Stewart
Stiles-Styles
Stil(l)well
Stinson
Stockton
Stoddard
Stokes
Stone
Stor(e)y
Storm
Stout
Stovel
Stowell
Stratton
Street
Streeter
Strickland
Strong
Stroud
Stuart
Stubbs
Stump(e)
Sturgis-Sturges
Sullivan
Sumner(s)
Sunderland
Sutton
Swain-Swayne
Sweet(e)y
Sweet
Swift
Sylvester
Tade
Taggart
Talbot(t)
Tall(e)y
Tall(i)aman
Tanner
Tate-Tait
Taylor
Teague
Teller
Temple
Templeton
Terrell-Terrill
Terry
Tha(t)cher
Thayer
Thomas
Thom(s)
Thom(p)son
Thorn(e)
Thornton
Thorp(e)
Thurston
Tiffany
Tillman
Titus
Todd
Tomlinson
Tom(p)kins
Towle(s)
Towne
Townsend
Trac(e)y
Travis
Traver(s)
Tripp
Trowbridge
Tucker
Tully
Turnbull
Turner
Tuttle-Tuthill
Tyler
Tyrrell
Tyson-Tison
Underhill
Underwood
Upton
Vail-Vale
Valentine
Vance
Van Dyke
Van Horn(e)
Vaugh(a)n
Vernon
Voss-Vos(e)
Waddell
Wade
Wadsworth
Wag(e)ner
Wag(g)oner
Walt(e)
Wakefield
Waldron
Walker
Wall
Wallace-Wallis
Waller
Walsh
Walter(s)
Walton
Ward
Ware
Warner
Warren
Washburn(e)
Washington
Waterman
Watkins
Watson
Watt(t)ers
Watt(s)
Weaver
Webb
Web(b)er
Webster
Week(e)s
Weir
Welch-Welsh
Weller
Wellman
Wells
Wendel(l)
Wentworth
West
Westbrook
West(e)cott
Weston
What(l)ey
Wharton
Wheaton
Wheeler
Wh(e)eldon
Whipple
Whitaker
Whitcomb
White
Whitehead
Whitfield
Whiting
Whitlock
Whitman
Whitney
Whittaker
Whitt(e)more
Wigg(i)n(s)
Wilbur-Wilber
Wild(e)
Wilder
Wiley
Wilk(e)s
Wilkin(s)
Wilkinson
Willard
Will(l)cox
Willett(s)
Will(e)y
Williams
Williamson
Willis
Willoughby
Wills
Wilson
Win(d)sor
Wing
Winn(e)
Winslow
Winston
Winter
Wise
Wiseman
Withers
Witt
Wolcott
Wolfolf-Wolff
Woodbury
Woodruff
Wood(s)
Woodward
Woodworth
Wool(l)ey
Worden
Worth
Worthington
Wray
Wren(n)
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